

# THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE,

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### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Death's Doings: in Twenty-four Plates. Designed and Etched by R. Dagley, Author of "Select Gems from the Antique," &c. With Illustrations in Prose and Verse—the friendly Contributions of various Writers.* London, 1826. J. Andrews: W. Cole.

"DEATH'S DOINGS" is rather a fearful title, and we might have been thereby appalled from our critical duty, stout as we are in the discharge of it, had we not been a little behind the curtain, and known that the worthy author was not a man of mortal purposes to slay and destroy. From old acquaintance with him and his works, we were rather prepared for something lively even on this dismal theme; nor have we been disappointed. In the artist we find much of fancy and originality; and in the literary portion of his work (which, in spite of the subject, is very well picked, pic-nic, and not pick-axe) a great deal of pleasantry and talent. The book altogether reminds us of the golden olden unions of the fine arts and literature; of wit of design and humorous illustration. It brings us back to the ancient racy school, when, like "the Last of the Graces" (three Skeletons, in the attitude of Canova's celebrated figures) in its frontispiece, clever men, of various habits and pursuits, linked together in the production of publications which dispelled the ennui of the passing time, and some of which have descended with credit to posterity.

Yet, though much pleased with this junction to Mr. Dagley's volume, we ought to mention, that from some of his friendly contributors he has also received offerings of much pathos and beauty. We think we can recognise several very popular writers under strange initials and incoognito subscriptions. More perhaps might have been done, and more perhaps would be done, if Mr. D. were to give us a double of his welcome performance; for it is difficult to get many competent persons to enter into the unity of a design, till they have once seen a complete model executed,—but after that, even imitators might mend and improve. But the striking portion of *Death's Doings* is that of which we can give no idea: we allude to the twenty-four plates. Of their inventor we would not speak in language above what his merits, known and appreciated but by a limited circle, honestly deserve. At a late hour of a life spent in the pure love and study of the arts, he can care little for our praises, and, in a worldly way, they could do him little service. But when we have an opportunity of speaking of Mr. Dagley, we trust, that the *Literary Gazette*, not prone to personal encomium, or to abuse the public confidence reposed in it, may mention him as a man of uncommon faculties, of rare intrinsic strength of mind, and of powers which, pursued under happier influences than circumstances have laid in his course, would have made this panegyric unnecessary,—as he must have occupied a station so distinguished in our native school, as to render his name

passport sufficient, without our tribute of applause.

The designs are engraved by Mr. D. himself, in a slight manner, such as he holds to be the best mode of illustrating books, without inordinately raising their price, and yet fully aiding the text to the extent which it requires. Upon this point, however, we cannot now enter: we are fond of highly-finished works of art, and, when the subject can afford it, hope always to see the most finished toils of the graver bound up with the best exertions of the author. We are, however, obliged to confess, that in this work the engravings are perfectly appropriate, characteristic, and expressive. The grim skull is made to tell tales of all kinds, and the accessories, generally, are full of meaning and (as Jacques says) of humorous sadness. Something of mannerism might be hinted at, but then the artist would swear it was unity; and we are not disposed to quarrel with costume of caps, feathers, &c., when all the essentials of (as we have just noticed) character and expression are capitally represented. We only ask our readers to dwell upon these prints—they will furnish new ideas every time they are contemplated, and do honour to the cheerful genius of a contemporary of a generation of sculptors, painters, and engravers, whose works are now more valued than they were when their value was of more consequence to those who produced them. *Post funera virtus*, is too trite and too true.

But let us, by a few quotations, shew the sort of materials of which this publication is made up. Turn we over the very desultory and very agreeable introduction, the dedication to Mr. Douce, the preface, and all the other adjuncts; turn we from the obvious statement that Holbein's *Dance of Death*, and, or, or, some other things of the same genus, probably suggested his *Death's Doings* to Mr. Dagley; and come we to the first picture—the *Post*, the moon clouded, and, while he indites an ode to Immortality, the grizzly Spectre clapping an extinguisher on his candle—and his song. Upon this, the first leaf of the volume has a beautiful, though too short composition.

"Thou art vanish'd!—Like the blast  
Bursting from the midnight cloud;  
Like the lightning, thou art past,—  
Earth has seen no nobler shroud!  
Now is quench'd the flashing eye,  
Now is chill'd the burning brow,  
All the poet that can die—  
Homer's self is but as thou.  
Thou hast drunk life's richest draught,  
Glory, tempter of the soul!  
Wild and deep thy spirit quaff'd;  
There was poison in the bowl.  
Then the haunting visions rose,  
Spectres round thy bosom throne.  
Poet! what shall paint thy woes,  
But a pencil like thine own?  
Thou art vanish'd! Earthly Fame,  
See of what thy pomps are made!  
Genius, stoop thine eye of flame!  
Byron's self is but a shade."

There are some other fine poems on this inspiring topic; but we are content with the first, which, if we mistake not, emanates from a highly distinguished hand.

The next are two plates which represent, 1. Death as a Pilgrim delivering a letter to a beautiful female; and then, 2. the messenger having discovered himself, the lady lying dead. These are illustrated by a writer whose initials require no favourable mention.

#### "The Pilgrim."

"And Palmer, gray Palmer, by Gallies' wave,  
Oh! saw you Count Albert, the gentle and brave,  
When the crescent wax'd faint, and the red cross  
rushed on,  
Oh! saw you him foremost on Mount Lebanon?"

The lady sat in her lonely tower,—  
She woke not her lute, she touch'd not a flower;  
Though the lute wooed her hand with its silver string,  
And the roses were rich with the wealth of spring:  
But she thought not of them, for her heart was afar,  
It was with her knight in the holy war.

She look'd in the west,—it was not to see  
The crimson and gold of the sky and sea,  
Lighted alike by the setting sun,  
As rather that day than night were begun;  
But it was that a star was rising there,  
Like a diamond set in the purple air,  
The natal star of her own true knight—  
No marvel the maiden watch'd its light:  
At their parting hour they bade it be  
Their watch and sign of fidelity.

Amid the rich and purple crowd  
That throng the west, is a single cloud,  
Differing from all around, it calls,  
The cradle of far other gales  
Than the soft and southern airs, which bring  
But the dew and the flower-sigh on their wing:  
Like some dark spirit's shadowy car,  
It floats on and hides that lovely star!  
While the rest of the sky is bright and clear,  
The sole dark thing in the hemisphere.

But the maiden had turn'd from sea and sky,  
To gaze on the winding path, where her eye  
A pilgrim's distant form had scanm'd:  
He is surely one of the sacred band  
Who seek their heavenly heritage  
By prayer, and toil, and pilgrimage!  
She said not to braid her raven hair—  
Loose it flow'd on the summer air:  
She took no heed of her silvery veil,—  
Her cheek might be kiss'd by the sun or the gale:  
She saw but the scroll in the pilgrim's hand,  
And the palm-branch that told of the Holy Land."

#### "The Scroll."

"The maiden's cheek blushed ruby bright,  
And her heart beat quick with its own delight:  
Again she should dwell on those vows so dear,  
Almost as if her lover were near.  
Little dreamed she that letter would tell  
How that true lover fought and fell.  
The sudden road till her cheek grew pale—  
Vain deceiving eye tells all the tale:  
How sees her own knight's last fond prayer,  
And she reads in that scroll her heart's despair.  
O Grave! how terrible art thou!  
To young hearts bound in one fond vow:  
O human love! how vain is thy trust:  
Hope! how soon art thou laid in dust."

"Thou fatal pilgrim, who art thou,  
As thou fling'st the black veil from thy shadowy brow?  
I know thee now, dark lord of the tomb,  
By the pale maiden's withering bloom:  
The light is gone from her glassy eye,  
And her cheek is struck by mortality:  
From her parted lip there comes no breath,  
For that scroll was fate—its bearer, Death."

Need we add the initials? L. E. L.  
For variety's sake (for there are so many temptations to quote, that we cannot choose), we now select a portion of the illustration of "Death at the Toilet," where a fair dame is adorning herself transparently for an evening party. It is from the author of the *Lollards*, *Wickiander*, &c., whose productions have often claimed our encomium.

"It seems that every bard, or clown, or lord,  
Finds Death a striking subject to talk o'er;  
He who counts syllables, in each long word,  
With rhyme, his hapless relatives to bore,  
And he who strikes the highest-bounding chord,  
Who with immortal eloquence can soar;  
Yet nothing make of Death, with all this fuss,  
But that he nothing means to make of us.

And some appear intolerably grieved,  
While dolefully lamenting earthly woes,  
To think that they must one day be relieved,  
And gain through him a season of repose.  
But I, thank Heaven! have never yet perceived  
That I am likely to be one of those;  
For, gratefully admiring Nature's plan,  
Death seems to me the comforter of man.

From this, folks may presume that I am heir  
To some old gentleman of property,  
Or ancient dame, who, to assuage my care,  
Has been sufficiently polite to die;  
Or else a widower, whose black despair  
Has, after six long mourning weeks, gone by.  
But I, though Death is certainly my pet,  
Have to acknowledge no such favours yet.  
I like him for the lesson he gives pride,  
And those we 'groundlings' call of high degree.  
The heartless by him laid side by side,  
Are fairly level'd with poor rogues like me.  
Thus feeling, sometimes I have almost cried,  
Death's circumstances so reduced to see;  
For vaccination, stomach-pumps, and peace,  
I thought would make mortality decrease."

He is sorry for Death, but Death appears to him, and tells that he is not so miserable, since luxury and fashion do more for him than war. This is well put:

"Great king of terrors! I commiserate  
Thy lot severe; for deeply thou must feel,  
Through peace, the long postponement of the fate  
Of thousands, whom the grave would else conceal.  
No longer used for stocking thy estate  
Are powder, conflagration, lead, and steel;  
Whilst undertakers, in the general joy,  
Turn suicides, their workmen to employ!"

Thus I exclaimed; when, lo! before me stood  
Grim Death himself. I must confess this hurt  
My feelings rather; but his civil mood  
Restored composure, and I soon grew prett;  
Though to my blushing face up rush'd the blood,  
At being thus with one who wore no shirt;  
With one indeed, it may be said, who owns  
Not even a skin to hide his naked bones.

Yet skeletons I like to view, because  
No veil there screens a mean, perfidious heart;  
No vertebrae incline, to false applause  
Where scorn is felt;—but, finish'd life's brief part,  
The limbs with seeming dignity can pause,  
Nor shake with terror, nor with fury start;  
And Death, as seen by me, was, I must own,  
A very gentlemanly skeleton.

We spoke of various matters,—of life's ills,  
Of sportive subjects now, and now of grave;  
I (thinking of my aunt's and grandson's wills)  
Lamented cooking Kitchiner should save,  
Or Abernethy, with his d—ns and pills.  
So many whom of right Death ought to have;  
And still, to give discourse a friendly turn,  
On his account express'd sincere concern."

Death alleges the harvests we have sated;  
and the poem ends with this stanza:—

" 'Tis thus that Death accomplishes his aim:  
Most human beings sigh for what destroys;  
Mirth, Vanity, and Pleasure, play my game,  
And crush life's hopes beneath deluding joys.  
More perish from caprice and Fashion's whim,  
Than by the cannon battle's rage employ.  
But I must hence,—another glass is out;  
And I am going to my lady's rout."

One of the most striking designs is a Hypochondriac, — a wretch, who sees a spider with a Death's head and six legs creeping out from under the grate: and it is excellently commented upon by a tale,—we regret to say too long for us to give entire.

"Tom Wunderlich was the son of Jacob Wunderlich, an honest sugar-baker on Fish-Street Hill, who, having acquired an ample fortune in trade, was anxious to elevate his descendants above the humble German stock from which he sprung, by marrying into some patrician family of his adopted country, to whom his wealth and interest in the city would make him acceptable. He fixed his choice upon the eldest daughter of Sir Roger Penny, a baronet, of an ancient

family, with much pride, two sons, eleven daughters, and twelve hundred a year: but the match was not concluded without the stipulation that he would get himself previously knighted—a matter which, although at variance with his sugar-baking ideas, yet, he was convinced, was consistent with the object of his marriage; and, having accomplished it, he quickly transformed Miss Penny into Lady Wunderlich. My lady gained some long-anticipated points by her marriage. She had acquired the same title as her mother; and although the rank of her husband was inferior to that of her father, yet his fortune turned the scale greatly in her favour. She had much at her command; and by her power of occasionally obliging the old lady in pecuniary matters, she obtained an ascendancy over her mamma, which consoled her for deficiency of rank. Poor Wunderlich, on the contrary, found that he had spread his bed with nettles. His sugar-baking concern he willingly relinquished, as his fortune was ample; but to quit Lloyd's; his old cronies and city habits; to be forced to enter into the beau-monde; to pay and receive forenoon calls with my lady; attend evening parties, give at-homes, balls, and suppers; and, to use his own expressions, 'to have his house turned inside out,' without daring to exclaim, 'My Got, meine ladie! this will not do'—was too much for the worthy knight; whose chagrin, having brought on an attack of confirmed jaundice, terminated his disappointment and his life, a few months after the birth of our hero. Previous to his death, however, Sir Jacob had made a will, leaving a very moderate jointure only to Lady Wunderlich; and the reversion of his property to his son; failing whom, it was to devolve upon a nephew who had succeeded him in the sugar-baking concern. This deed blasted the hopes of any second alliance in the mind of Lady Wunderlich, and obliged her to devote her life to the superintendence of the health and education of her son, on whom all her expectations now rested. 'I recollect Tom' (says the writer of this narrative), 'at school; a fine, spirited boy; a little wilful, perhaps, and too timid in the play-ground, if a shower threatened, or the wind blew from the north-east. But then, although all the boys quizzed him, yet they pitied him; for his mamma sent every morning to inquire after his health. Mr. Bolus, the apothecary, saw him regularly twice a week when he was well, and twice a day if labouring under the slightest symptoms of indisposition; and frequently, when the boys, on a half-holiday, were at cricket on the common, a servant would ride over from the Pavilion to see whether Tom had cast his jacket; or, if the air happened to be chilly, whether his neck were encompassed with one of the numerous bandanas her ladyship had sent for that purpose in his trunk. Tom was not devoid of ability; but Doctor Bumpem was ordered not to overstrain his mind; for being a delicate boy, an only child, and the heir to a large fortune, learning was quite a secondary concern; health was every thing, and to secure that all other considerations were to yield. Tom was, nevertheless, a mild, good-natured, friendly boy; and although he was frequently laughed at, as much on account of his mother's weaknesses as his own, yet he was universally liked. But as he did little in the way of classical literature, he quitted Bumpem's with the character of being a good-natured, idle, soft-headed boy, whom the doctor said it would be useless to send to Eton or to Harrow; and therefore, in order to fit him for Oxford, in which university his for-

tune, in her ladyship's opinion, rendered it necessary he should sojourn, he was placed under the care of a clergyman near Cheltenham. This arrangement was formed by Lady Wunderlich, in order that Tom, whilst his head was stored with classics by his tutor, should have the health of his body confirmed by the constant use of the waters; to superintend which, her ladyship took a house in that modern Sinope."

Tom's travels are equally well described; his Ma's marriage in Italy to Dr. Bolus, &c.; his own return, and recognition in the park by an old school-fellow (the narrator), who continues:—

"It was nine o'clock in the evening when I entered Tom's lodgings. He was seated before a large fire, in an elbow-chair, rolled in a chintz dressing-gown, with his night-cap on, and his feet pushed into a pair of red morocco slippers, lined with fur. On a small table near him, lay his watch, six apothecary's phials full of medicine, one of which, by the label, was to be taken every fourth hour, and a pill-box containing half-a-dozen pills. On the same table, also, was a pair of scales, in which I perceived he had been weighing two ounces of biscuit; and a graduated pint measure, which contained one ounce and a half of distilled water. Tom rose, and shook me warmly by the hand as I entered the room; but his eye had lost the animation it displayed when we first recognised one another in the park; and he was more emaciated than I had anticipated I should find him. 'I am truly grieved to see you in this plight, my dear friend!' said I, glancing my eye upon the garbure of the little table; 'what are your complaints?' 'Ah!' replied he, forcing a faint smile, 'there's the rub!—Were my complaints but known, there would be no difficulty in curing them. At least, so says Dr. Frogfoot, who, however, assures me that it is a gastric affection; and that the uneasy state of my head is merely symptomatic, depending on the connexion between the par vagram, the symptomatic nerve, and the great semilunar ganglion.' I saw I had hit upon a wrong key. 'My learning, my dear Tom,' said I, 'does not enable me to follow you into the depths of physic which these terms imply.' 'I know nothing of them either,' replied he; 'I only give you the doctor's words.' He, however, with the greatest politeness, changed the matter of our discourse, which gradually became extremely animated; and taking me kindly by the hand, as I rose to depart, he acknowledged that my visit had done him an essential service; that the pain in his eye, which he was apprehensive was an incipient cataract, had completely left him; and he earnestly begged that I would repeat my visits every evening whilst I remained in town. My hand was upon the handle of the room-door, and he had rung the bell for his servant to attend me to the street-door, when I turned round, recollecting that I had not inquired after his mother; and merely asked 'how and where she was?' He started up, and approached me. 'You must,' said he, 'sit down, only for ten minutes, to hear that part of my story.' I sat down accordingly. 'You know that d—d fellow Bolus?—but I am forgetting,' looking at his watch, 'it is time to take my pill and draught.' He instantly placed one of the pills upon his tongue, and washed it down with a draught, which he emptied into his mouth from the phial, without evincing the least reluctance to it in any feature of his face; and, having sat down, again began his narrative."

The Doctors' visits are most characteristically detailed (we would swear, if needful, by a very clever Doctor). To one of them the hypochondriac had learnedly told all his symptoms and ailments. "I heard (says the writer) with amazement, Tom's knowledge of diseases, and their names; the doctor listened to him with patience; and at the end of each sentence ejaculated the word 'Ay.' He then made a few remarks; told him that he must be galvanised again on the following day; wrote on a sheet of paper, '*Pergut in usu medicamentorum*;' took his fee; said 'Good day,' in his soft low voice, with a gentle smile on his features; and, again gently inclining his head, left the room. 'This is really too much,' said Tom, as the door closed upon Frogfoot; 'that is the tenth fee which I have given the doctor, without receiving any more satisfaction than you have heard to-day, or one new prescription. As for his galvanism—my skin is excoriated with the heat of it where the brushes are placed; and I am certain, that if that hot stream is passed through my spine and liver much longer, I shall be burnt to a cinder. I will write him, this instant, to discontinue his attendance; and procure some other advice. Do you know any good physician, my dear Dick?' As I was convinced that this hasty determination of poor Wunderlich afforded me an excellent opportunity to try the effects of change of air, scene, and social intercourse, in diverting his mind from his corporeal ailments, in which I could not help thinking that fancy had a considerable share, I told him that I knew an excellent physician, who lived near me in the country, and who I was satisfied could cure him."

This plot for a journey is disappointed by fancied spasms, and a thousand other ills that flesh is (or may imagine itself to be) heir to. In twelve days the poor invalid has several physicians, and we cannot help thinking they may be recognised in the portrait,—the last, Mr. Mybook, is evidently Mr. Abernethy. We however pass to the end of the tale.

"It was not until the end of August, whilst I was busy in preparing for the shooting season, that I again heard of Tom Wunderlich. I was thinking, one morning at breakfast, how much I was to blame for having neglected so long to inquire after him, and wondering whether he was now well enough to bring down a partridge, when a letter from the poor fellow was put into my hands. It intreated me earnestly to come to see him, in the vicinity of Dorking, where he had taken a cottage; and, as his health was worse than ever, he hoped nothing would prevent me from forthwith seeing him. The epistle, indeed, was written in a strain which left me one mode only of decision; and therefore, ordering my tilbury, I drove over to Gloucester; threw myself into the mail; and on the afternoon of the following day found myself seated in the little parlour of my friend's cottage. He could not at that moment be disturbed; but John informed me, that he feared his master was now ill in good earnest; that he had retained nothing on his stomach for four days; was delirious, and reduced to 'an atomy.' I inquired what he had been doing. 'Ah! sir,' said John, 'you know how fond he is of new doctors; he has had twenty since you saw him; and has taken a wagon-load of physic. Lord, sir, I have turned many a good penny on the empty phials: but it won't do; I really fear that the poor gentleman is dying.' In a few minutes my friend was ready to see me, and I entered his bedroom. Alas! what a change! a young man,

not twenty-six, metamorphosed to an old, infirm invalid of seventy; his skin yellow and shrivelled, his cheeks sunk, and his wan eyes almost lost within their bony sockets. He could not rise to welcome me; but stretched out his skinny hand, and with a hoarse yet scarcely audible voice said, 'God bless you, my dear Dick! this is indeed a visit of true friendship.' I took hold of his hand and sat down by him, for my heart was too full to speak. He perceived the state of my feelings; and as he feebly returned the pressure of my hand, a hectic smile passed over his countenance, to check a tear which stood in the corner of his eye. 'Ah! Dick,' said he, 'this is a severe trial. After finding that all the regular faculty had mistaken my case, and having at length found a remedy for it, to be unable to avail myself of the blessing.' Here he paused to fetch his breath, for the least effort exhausted him; and although he was up, yet he had scarcely strength to support himself in the chair. I ventured to inquire of what remedy he spoke. 'It is,' said he, shuddering as he uttered the words, 'a live spider; and I have the most implicit faith in the prescription: but I cannot overcome my aversion to the insect. I see a spider in every article of food I swallow; and it, consequently, does not remain a moment on my stomach. Two nights ago, I dreamt that I saw a spider, with a body the size and exact resemblance of a human skull, and legs like those of a skeleton. It crawled up to my mouth, which it was about to enter; and—' Here he was again forced to pause to draw breath; a cold sweat stood upon his forehead, and his fleshless hand was bedewed with an icy moisture. He heaved a deep sigh, and looked me full in the face; and then, as if recollecting himself, he continued his detail. 'This spider haunts me day and night, so constantly, that I have a perfect consciousness of its existence; and I am also aware that it is the identical one which I must swallow.' At this idea he became so much convulsed, that I called aloud for John, and ordered him instantly to fetch a doctor. My poor friend seemed insensible to the sound of my voice and the order I had given. I felt that he was making an ineffectual effort to push back his chair, and I saw that his eye was following, as it were, something on the ground.

'Do you not see there?' said he, pointing with the finger of his right hand, which he could scarcely raise from his knee—'there!' 'I see nothing, my dear Wunderlich,—it is your imagination, which is thus distorted by your disease.' He drew himself up with horror: 'No! no!' he feebly exclaimed, 'it is not fancy:—see, it has crawled up my leg: there—there—it is on my heart—I feel it;' and he sunk into his chair. I thought he had fainted; but in a few seconds he gave a convulsive sob; which was succeeded by another at an equal distance of time: these were then followed by a hissing, expiratory sound; his limbs became powerless, and he would have fallen on the floor, if I had not supported him in the chair. The doctor entered the room; but it was only to confirm my apprehensions. The force of the delusion had overwhelmed his nervous system; and in this doing, Death, in his triumph over mortality, had demonstrated that life may be expelled from her fortress by a phantom of the imagination."

We would end (at least for the present) here, but we are tempted to extend our review with the following charming productions. A design represents Death as the Head of a College, crowning a Student with academic

honours,—and we read, from the pen of Barry Cornwall—

"Under the shadow of green laurel leaves  
The poet marcheth, with unfaltering breath;  
And from the glory which his fancy weaves  
Draws strength, which thenceforth the wan cheeks of  
Death:

Under the shadow of the laurel green  
The soldier smilth; and wayfaring men  
Piercing the desert with proud looks are seen:  
And hoary seamen face wild waves again:  
But chief, midst hopes untired, with fear afar,  
The young pale scholar seeks some dim renown,  
Miled, by influence of deceitful star,  
To where Death hides behind the laurel crown:  
Alas! grey age and pallid youth the same,  
All leave fair truth, to clutch the phantom Fame."

And by Mr. Carrington, the delightful author of *Dartmoor*.

"List not Ambition's call, for she has lured  
To death her tens of thousands, and her voice,  
Though sweet as the old siren's, is as false!  
Won by her blandishments, the warrior seeks  
The battle-field, where red Destruction waves  
O'er the wild plain his banner, trampling down  
The dying and the dead;—on Ocean's wave,  
Braving the storm—the dark lee-shore—the fight—  
The seaman follows her, to fall at last  
In Victory's gory arms. To Learning's sons  
She promises the proud degree, the praise  
Of academic senates, and a name  
That Fame, on her imperishable scroll,  
Shall deeply grave. O there was one who heard  
Her fatal promptings, whom the Muses mourn,  
And Genius yet deplores! In studious cell  
Immured, he trimm'd his solitary lamp;  
And morn, unmark'd, upon his pallid cheek  
Of flung her ray, ere yet the sunken eye  
Reluctant closed, and sleep around his couch  
Strew'd her despised poppies. Day with night  
Mingled insensibly—and night with day:  
In loveliest change the seasons came—and pass'd—  
Spring woke, and in her beautiful blue sky  
Wander'd the lark—the merry birds beneath  
Poured their sweet woodland poetry—the streams  
Sent up their eloquent voices—all was joy,  
And in the breeze was life. Then summer gemm'd  
The sward with flowers, as thickly strewn as seen  
In heaven the countless clustering stars. By day  
The grateful peasant pour'd his song,—by night  
The nightingale,—he heeded not the lay  
Divine of earth or sky, the voice of streams,  
Sunshine and shadow, and the rich blue sky—  
Nor gales of fragrance and of life that cheer  
The aching brow, rume the drooping eye,  
And fire the languid pulse. One storm pursuit,  
One master-passion master'd all; and Death  
Smiled inly, as Consumption at his nod  
Poison'd the springs of life, and flush'd the cheek  
With roses that bloom only o'er the grave;  
And in that eye, which once so mildly beam'd,  
Kindled unnatural fires!

Yet hope sustain'd  
His sinking soul, and to the high reward  
Of sleepless nights and watchful days, and scorn  
Of pleasure, and the stern contempt of ease,  
Pointed exultingly. But Death,—who loves  
To blast Hope's fairest visions, and to dash,  
In unsuspected hour, the cup of bliss  
From man's impatient lip,—with horrid glance  
Mark'd the young victim, as, with fluttering step  
And beating heart, and cheek with treacherous bloom  
Suffused, he press'd where Science open'd the gates  
Of her high temple.

There, beneath the guise  
Of Learning's proud professor, sat enthron'd  
The tyrant DEATH: and as around the brow  
Of that ill-fated votary he wreath'd  
The crown of Victory—silently he twin'd  
The cypress with the laurel!—at his foot  
Perish'd the 'MARTYR STUDENT!'

Much as we have said of, and quoted from, this volume, we shall ask leave to recur to it; having in the first instance used the copy of a Contributor (a few days before publication) to render it this imperfect notice.

*A Picturesque Tour on the River Waag. By Baron Mednianski. Pesth, 1826.*

We notice this work on account of its containing some curious historical anecdotes of Hungary. The following are two of them, which we have translated.\*

*The Castle of Cseithe, in Hungary.*—"The castle of Cseithe, on the Waag, is now but a mass of ruins and rubbish. After having belonged to Matthias Corvinus and to Maxi-

\* From *Matthias Brun's Annales des Voyages*.



million II., it fell into the hands of Elisabeth Bathory, niece of Stephen Bathory, king of Poland, and wife of Francis Nadassy. This princess has given an unhappy celebrity to the castle, where she displayed for many years a degree of cruelty of which history can afford few examples. She educated in her residence indigent young women, to whom she gave portions, and married them on certain remarkable occasions in the year; but she punished with severity and violence the most trifling faults, and seemed to take pleasure in seeing these innocent creatures suffer. One day she struck one of them in a brutal manner; and the blood of the victim having flown into her face, she ran to a mirror to wipe it off. She fancied that her skin was become whiter, more beautiful, and more brilliant; and the idea immediately occurred to her of renewing her youth by bathing herself in the blood of these unfortunate girls. Two old chamber-maids and her dwarf Fitzko assisted her in this horrible project. The youthful female attendants successively disappeared, and what is almost inconceivable, above three hundred had been sacrificed to the caprice of this ferocious woman before any discovery was made. At length, a young man, having lost his intended bride in this manner, conceived some suspicions, and, by means of money, even obtained the mortal remains of her whose loss he deplored. Stung with indignation, he hastened to Presburg, where he loudly proclaimed his grief and his despair. As a princess was implicated, George Thurzo, the palatine of the kingdom, resolved to repair in person to the spot; where he surprised the four monsters in the fact, at the very moment when their victim was expiring, after having in vain struggled with her executioners. Proceedings were commenced, and the whole published, to satisfy the public indignation. The two women were condemned to have their right hands cut off, and to be beheaded; the dwarf, also, to lose his hand, and then to be cast into the flames. The princess was confined in a dark and narrow prison, where she died three years afterwards, in 1614. Only a few years ago, the porter of the castle still shewed the place where these abominations had been committed, the earthen vessel which had received the blood, and the deep pit into which the body of the victim was thrown.

*The Lovers' Well.* — "When I arrived at Trentschin," says Baron Mednianski, "I was advised to survey attentively the *Lovers' Well*, which is very remarkable for its depth and the solidity of its construction. King M. Corvinus having given the Palatinate of Trentschin to Stephen Zapolya, who had distinguished himself, above all his other generals, by his wisdom, bravery, and military talents, Stephen employed his riches and magnificence in embellishing the town and the castle of Trentschin. Nature and art having rendered this rock impregnable, like Gibraltar, he had collected there, in time of war, the productions of the arts and sciences, and the enjoyments of peace. Nothing was wanting but a well to descend to the level of the Waag; and all the attempts which he had made to dig to that depth had failed. Returning from a successful expedition against Turkey, there was among the prisoners a young Turkish woman of extraordinary beauty; he gave her to his wife Hedwig, dutchess of Teschen; and the youthful slave soon gained the affection of her mistress. Some Turkish merchants came to Trentschin to ransom the prisoners. Zapolya easily made an agreement for the ransom of them all, with the exception of her whom he had given to his

wife. Now she happened to be the bride of a pacha, a celebrated warrior among the Turks, who was in disguise in this caravan of Turkish merchants. Gold, jewels, diamonds, were offered: Zapolya rejected them all. At length he told the merchants that he would deliver up the beautiful slave when they had succeeded in making the water of the Waag come to the top of the fortress. The pacha accepted this condition: declaring himself the slave of Zapolya, with all his attendants, he set to work, and, at the end of three years, the water of the Waag rose above the rock. The beautiful Turk was given up, not only without ransom, but with presents which testified the satisfaction and the gratitude of Zapolya."

#### *Burnet's Word to the Members of the Mechanics' Institute.*

In our last *Gazette* we promised another paper to this whimsical book; and, among other things, demonstrated the powers of music according to the Burnetian system, having much to lament that they were not discovered by him previous to the Nation's incurring so vast an expense upon the Breakwater,—which might surely have been built by a good military band playing efficient tunes on the shore. We also illustrated one of the author's three principal points; and reserved two for our present Number: they are "to convince the working classes that individual exertion, aided by public institutions, is their best and safest trust, and of the fallacy of any hopes of melioration founded on the principle of a union;"—and "to bring forward in this discussion as many interesting facts, either of history or science, as are consistent with the subject, in order to induce a reference to the authorities quoted." These points are supported with much ingenuity, and it is the rage for bringing forward the miscellany of "interesting facts," perhaps, which betrays the writer into the hotch-potch we have noticed. Endeavouring to shew that it will never be possible to form a union which will make all men (the lower orders, as is taught by some of our mechanic associations) act and think alike, he runs into a list of the varieties which have characterized man in all ages; and his catalogue is really a very remarkable one.

"In order to elucidate the second proposition, viz. that every thing in creation, either of matter or mind, differs from each other, I shall attempt to shew that a chain of connexion runs through creation, each link of which varies, and is perfectly distinct, although the shades of discrimination are not all perceptible to our senses. Very few examples will be necessary to be introduced for the purpose of connecting the mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms. I have therefore selected those which are most interesting in a scientific view, or amusing in their description: the amianthus, polypus, cochineal, bat, flying-fish, and mermaid, all of which have caused various opinions to be asserted respecting them, and not two men agreeing in all particulars when estimating their properties. Linneus's definition of the mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms, is, 'that stones grow, vegetables grow and live; and animals grow, live, and feel.' But notwithstanding this seemingly plain rule, the lines are so faint and evanescent, that of some productions it is impossible to say to which of the kingdoms they belong. The amianthus is generally reckoned among stones; but Dr. Plott judges it to be a middle substance between earth and stone. Besides this difficulty,

this mineral, as it is now called, has so much of a vegetable quality, that it is named the mountain-flax. Its properties are peculiar. By the industry of mankind it is employed in divers manufactures, chiefly cloth and paper. The manufacture of it is difficult enough; but the best way is to mix it with a small quantity of flax, and as the amianthus is incombustible, by exposing it to the fire the flax burns out, and leaves the cloth pure and white. Pliny says he himself saw napkins of it, which being taken foul from the table after a feast, were thrown into the fire, and by that means were better scoured than if they had been washed in water. A handkerchief of it was presented to the Royal Society, which has been twice tried, and in both experiments resisted fire. Baptiste Porta assures us, that in his time the spinning of amianthus was known to every body at Venice. In the rich and luxurious times of the Roman empire, this incombustible cloth was purchased at an enormous price, for the purpose of wrapping up the bodies of the dead previously to their being laid on the funeral pile, that the ashes of the corpse might not be mixed with the wood. In 1702, at Porta Nævia, near Rome, a funeral urn was discovered, in which there were calcined bones and ashes enclosed in a cloth of amianthus. This interesting relic was deposited in the Vatican library by order of Clement XI. According to accounts in the *Philosophical Transactions*, the princes of Tartary still use it in burning their dead. Its value, in the countries where it is most common, is thirty-six pounds thirteen shillings and four-pence for a piece twenty-three inches and three quarters long, which is called a china cover.

"Cochineal divided the learned world for a considerable time, as to whether it was a vegetable or an animal substance; depositions were taken in form by persons on the spot, and printed, before the question was settled. It is now acknowledged to be an insect living upon the *opuntia*, or Indian fig, and passes a great part of its life fixed to the vegetable body on which it feeds, without change, or ever appearing in any other state. The value of cochineal, as a drug for dyeing the bright colours of scarlet and crimson, is well known. No duty is ever charged upon its importation, and every effort has been made to extract its colouring particles, and to take advantage of their application. A curious instance of this occurs in the silk trade. A pound of silk, containing eight score threads to the ounce, each thread 72 yards long, will reach to the length of between 104 and 105 miles; now a pound of this silk dyed scarlet does not receive above a drachm additional weight, so that a drachm of the colouring matter of the cochineal is actually extended through more than 100 miles in length, and yet this minute quantity is sufficient to give an intense colour to the silk with which it is combined. The above is a remarkable instance of the divisibility of matter, and also corroborates the opinion expressed of the value of the material. Mr. Monteith, whose manufactory in Scotland is now so justly celebrated, has brought the dyeing of scarlet cottons to such perfection, that the colour excels every thing before produced. The consequence has been, that his Bandannas are exported to every part of the globe. It may be out of place, but the importance of the subject compels this notice,—that of all the arts, none claims more attention than that of dyeing. The French are said to excel us, which of itself should prompt us to improve in this most profitable theory of light and colours. It is a part of chemistry that pays better than any

other. What is to be observed of themselves yellow, primitive great variety. What is wanted and the colours greatest knowledge skin of wool, plus skin of cow white as water tinged fact is, the silk, a pot same scow onces, m thirty our counts for difference and black difference. "The j dom, alth a vegetab power of polypus becomes again divi "The prodigy, animal or incle-on the impro and acts "The the impo the bat tion. T class of four tw and the and there its tongu and the Perhaps the spec gancar, vampire pretend the nig who we some va them, w (at whi then bu occasion in Hun "Ti from n speech seen the came t had be seen h out his put in in ord this, it often under prepar attach the o female



other. With respect to the theory of dying, it is to be observed, that all the materials, which of themselves give colour, are either red, yellow, or blue; so that out of them, and the primitive fundamental colour, white, all that great variety which we see in dyed stuffs arises. What is wanted, then, is to increase the mordants and the colouring substances, and to fix the colours we possess. It is stated, that the greatest naturalist, without the mechanical knowledge of dying, would be amazed to see a skain of white cotton, and another of white wool, plunged together in scarlet dye—the skain of cotton would come out of the liquor as white as when it went in, while the wool comes out tinged with a fine fiery colour. Another fact is, that by washing out the gums from silk, a pound loses four ounces, and that the same scoured silk, now reduced to twelve ounces, may be raised to any weight up to thirty ounces, if it be dyed black. This accounts for black sewing silks being sold at a difference of ten or twelve shillings per pound, and black broad silks, of the same weight, at a difference of sixpence or a shilling per yard.

"The *polyptus* is classed in the animal kingdom, although it was formerly considered as a vegetable, or sea-plant. The multiplying power of this insect is astonishing; for if a *polyptus* be slit into six or seven parts, it becomes a hydra, with six or seven heads. If again divided, we shall have fourteen heads.

"The *hydra fusca* furnishes us with another prodigy, to which there is nothing similar in animal or vegetable life. It may be turned inside-out like a glove, and, notwithstanding the improbability of the circumstance, it lives and acts as before.

"These descriptions tend to convince us of the imperfection of our ideas of animal life, and the uncertainty of drawing a line of distinction. The bat is placed by naturalists in the class of *mamilla*. This singular genus brings forth two young at a time, which are suckled at the breast; but it has the power of flying, and therefore connects the birds with the beasts. The bat is so dexterous a bleeder as to insinuate its tongue into a vein without being perceived, and then suck the blood until it is satiated. Perhaps it is from this dexterity that one of the species, which inhabits Guinea and Madagascar, has been named the vampire. The vampires are imaginary demons, which, it is pretended, suck the blood of persons during the night, and thereby destroy them. Those who were killed by vampires were said to become vampires themselves. The way to destroy them, was to drive a stake through their bodies (at which time they would give a horrid groan), then burn them. This species of superstition occasioned, some years ago, great disturbances in Hungary and other places.

"The orang-outang is the next remove from man, and appears only to want the use of speech; for Mr. Buffon relates, that he had seen this animal offer his hand to those who came to see him, and walk with them as if he had been one of the company; that he had seen him sit at table, unfold his napkin, wipe his lips, make use of his knife and fork, pour out his drink in a glass, take a cup and saucer, put in sugar, pour out the tea, and stir it, in order to let it cool; and that he has done this, not at the command of his master, but often without bidding. It is said that Alexander met a large troop when in India, and prepared to give battle to them; and that Hanno attacked a large body of them in an island on the coast of Africa. The skins of three of the females were deposited by him in the temple of

Juno, where they were found by the Romans at the taking of Carthage.

"The *exocoetes*, or flying-fish, connects the birds of the air with the fish of the sea: when pursued in the water it raises itself in the air, and flies a considerable distance: it is a fish that seems to lead a most miserable life; in its own element it is perpetually harassed by fish of prey; if it endeavours to avoid them by having recourse to the air, it meets its fate, or is forced again into the water, by gulls and other birds. Whole shoals of them fall aboard ships in warm climates.

"Having shewn that the mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms are united on a graduated scale, by the instances adduced, and that, however dissimilar in their outward appearance when taken up at random, the line is continued unbroken; that the little transitions and deviations are almost imperceptible, and which comparative anatomy fully confirms, I shall now proceed to point out, that the mind of man is as varied as the matter which composes his body. No definite bounds can be placed to it. Indeed so varied, that some individuals do not continue in the same opinion two hours together, and frequently purpose to themselves to do actions which are either neglected, or others are done of an opposite tendency. What human means, then, could so unite men to perform contracts, even if they could be devised, so as to benefit the whole community?"

We almost repent of our laughing at the author, when we read this; and the following also displays a strong head:—

"Having already shewn the various passions which actuate man, and the difference there is in every thing in creation, I think the inference may be fairly drawn, that for the wise purposes of Providence no concentration of interests can take place, but that all must be superior or subordinate to one another. I will produce one or two instances of actual life, and then ask how the evils are to be remedied resulting from them. When we see a brewer or distiller get up in a public assembly, and make a long speech on the necessity of sending missionaries abroad, lauding the exertions of the society for the conversion of the Jews, praising the measures of the association for the suppression of vice, or advocating the cause of the slaves, we give him credit for his sincerity, and I do not doubt but he considers himself entitled to the thanks of the community. That such societies are absolutely necessary, every one must admit; but there are few who reflect on the subject. Let us, therefore, picture to ourselves a distiller at one of those meetings, ably supporting one or other of those measures for the melioration of human miseries. In order to get to the place of meeting, he has a fine coach, lined and padded with superfine cloth, or the softest leather, trimmed with lace of the most costly description, and drawn by noble horses, caparisoned with splendid and expensive trappings. His dress is in keeping with his carriage, it being made of the finest materials, and of the newest fashion. One of his fingers is decorated with a diamond ring of the first water, whilst from his chronometer is suspended a chain of fine gold, with chased seals, in which are engraven his arms on stones of the rarest description. As he passes you, he scents the air with rich perfumes, and politely offers his gold snuff-box, filled with exquisite Macabean, to his friends. After he has made his speech, it is seconded in an energetic appeal by Mr. Toms, a rich gentleman, whose fortune was laid in a pawnbroker's shop, and in which he is still a sleeping partner. The business over, a vote of thanks is moved to the distiller

for his zeal in the good cause, by a Mr. Spraggs, ship-chandler and slop-seller; when the company separate. On his return, the carriage of the distiller is imposed half an hour by a mob, in the centre of which are two drunken fellows fighting; and in the evening after his arrival home, a pick-pocket is brought before him, in his official capacity of a magistrate, charged with stealing a silver snuff-box. From the examination of this man the following circumstances transpire:—His name was John Hogg, bred to the trade of a smith, and worked for a master who furnished the ship-chandler with *bright screw-collars and thumb-screws*, for the refractory slaves in the West Indies, and with sundry other articles of a similar sort. But his forge had fixed an *ever-burning spark* in his throat, which always required *quenching*, in consequence of which he took to *heavy wet and blue ruin*. This dissipation brought him to mingle with men who are always to be found in pot-houses and gin-shops, to whom labour was never agreeable on the day of their tutelary saint—Monday. In one of these houses he was lounging, when a quarrel ensued between the two drunken fellows named before, and the fight was the upshot. Hogg could not resist the temptation of a fine silver snuff-box, which lay snug in a gentleman's pocket near him, and he ran off with it to the pawnbroker's, where the owner traced it, and the officers shortly apprehended the thief. The identity of the prisoner being proved, he was committed. In what way, then, would a concentration of interests prevent these evils? Can any union of the working classes destroy men's passions, eradicate the propensity to vice so interwoven in their natures, and instil the stoical principle of self-denial into the whole body? Is it not in opposition to the ways of Providence, proclaimed to us by the experience of ages, which teach us that men's inclinations, ideas, and actions, have ever been dissimilar; and by the strong evidence of our senses, which tells us that not two sounds can be heard the same, or two things felt, tasted, seen, or smelt alike? Few persons reflect that we live one by another, and that the different classes of society are in part made up from the thoughtlessness of the idle and vicious, whom neither the force of example, the threats of outraged justice, or the misery they entail upon themselves, can reclaim. Let us then turn back, and examine how the vices of the two boxers and the thief operate to that end—the living one by another. We find them squandering away a week's earnings in a pot-house, two of whom quarrel over their liquid poison, sally forth and fight, get the clothes torn from their backs, and the fray ends with the broken arm of one, and the body of the other being beaten to a mummy. The third, in the frenzy of the moment, commits an act which sends him to prison. The arts, trades, callings, and professions, brought into action by such reprobates, are innumerable. A surgeon is called in to set the arm of one; an apothecary and an M.D. attend to the bruises of the other: the latter of whom expires after a lingering illness, during which every article of furniture and clothes is pledged to the rich pawnbroker. The cognizable act of the thief causes employment to turnkeys, lawyers, counsellors, judges, and jurors, and subsequently he is shipped off to Botany Bay, in a vessel that gives daily employ to seamen, and which has occupied the time of shipwrights, sail-makers, blacksmiths, and rope-makers, to construct. But these are few in number, compared to the ramifications of trade, every branch of which has a slight impulse given to it from

the single circumstance of these three men spending their money in an ale-house. In the commodity of gin, the publican only comes in contact with the dregs of the people; those dissolute beings who, infatuated by the deadly liquor, banish reason and reflection, and, with a degree of stupidity, sacrifice their hard earnings, obtained by the lowest drudgery, to a momentary pleasure. The publican gets his supply from the factor or warehouseman, and the factor obtains it from the distiller, whom we have seen advocating the causes of morality and humanity. Yet this is done without a qualm of conscience: the distiller has made a fortune, or his family has done it for him, and with his overwhelming capital he sets competition at defiance, places his business in the hands of trusty clerks or servants, and never reflects that the evils he is denouncing are produced by himself. But all this is for wise purposes—'whatever is, is right,' says Pope, and this is one exemplification of the maxim. The distiller, it is true, as well as the brewer, the pawnbroker, and other great capitalists, gain a princely income; but when we consider that the whole of it is circulated, mediately or immediately, to journeymen coachmakers, lace and trimming manufacturers, and makers of cloth, to saddlers and harness-makers, tailors, hatters, and shoe-makers, drapers, jewellers, and watch-makers, engravers, goldsmiths, and tobacconists, to all the intervening tradesmen, who supply the countless articles not comprehended in these general trades, besides all those included in the list of furnishers both of the house and the belly; I say, when we consider these things, our wonder what becomes of this large income ceases. We must therefore be satisfied that the money spent by the boxers and the thief is circulated for the general interest of the community, however injurious their conduct to themselves, their helpless children, and their disconsolate wives."

Upon the whole, we must give Mr. Burnet credit for combating successfully against many absurdities of the present day connected with mechanic institutes, new fashions of education, &c.,—and if he has done so absurdly himself, it only makes his book entertaining, without detracting much from its force where he does hit the nail. In other respects, we can only say for ourselves, that his volume shall have a place in our library, as a literary curiosity in matter, in engravings, and in speckled silk binding.

#### *Head's Rough Notes on the Pampas and Andes.*

THOUGH two long papers have already been devoted to this clever book, we are sure that a third, to conclude the subject, will be generally acceptable.

The people are indolent, and rather coarse in manners, and do not seem to possess the natural affections in any very eminent degree. Of the latter, a tragical tale will suffice to afford an interesting (a very favourite word with the Captain)—an interesting example—

"At San Luis was advised by groups of people not to go on by myself, as the courier and postilion (from Buenos Ayres), with their horses and a dog, had just been found on the road with their throats cut—advised to join the courier who was just setting out for Buenos Ayres. Accordingly, next morning started with the courier and three peons as guards, all armed with old pistols and guns. Courier a little old man, of about fifty-five years of age—had been riding all his life—had a face like a withered apple—carried his pistol in his hand—

told me he was father to the courier who had just been murdered—that he was his only son—that he had just succeeded in getting him the appointment—that he was nineteen—and that it was his first journey as courier—that he had no pistols, not even a knife—that it was barbarous to kill him—that he must have died like a lamb, &c. &c. This story he repeated at every post-hut, and people were so fond of asking for it, and he so willing to give it, that we lost many minutes at each post. He would relate it to any body—at one post he told it to a great rough mongrel-looking fellow, who was sitting on a stone while a little girl was combing his woolly hair. 'En dos?' said the little girl who had divided his hair at the back of his head, and who proposed to plait it into two tails. 'Si!' granted her father, half asleep, and nodding his head, as he listened to the courier's story. We therefore rode all day, and only went a hundred and two miles.—Next morning off before sunrise, and took a postilion, and travelling by myself got on much quicker; but the horses still weak, and in the whole day could only proceed a hundred and ten miles. Two more days rode from morning till night, sleeping on the ground, with nothing to eat but beef—at last came to that part of the province of Santa Fé near which the courier had been murdered. The post-master refused to give me horses to go on, unless I could find a guard, as he said the postilions would not go by themselves; he insisted on my waiting for the courier, and I accordingly lost half a day, as he did not arrive till night. Next morning at day-break got up—saw the poor old courier lying on his saddle—he had a sear in his mouth, and for a long time he remained on his back praying and crossing himself.—Started with the master of the post, an additional Gaucho, and the postilion, all armed—very little conversation. As we approached the spot, it appeared as if they all expected that the saltadores (robbers) would be there—after riding some leagues, left the road, and galloped through the dry grass towards a small black-looking hut in ruins. It was one of those which had been burnt by the Indians, and the whole family had been murdered in it. When we got to it, I looked around me, and no other hut or habitation was to be seen; there were no cattle, and when a few *gamas* (deer), which for a few moments were in sight, had fled away, we were left completely to ourselves, and not a bird or any animal was to be seen. We were in the centre of a deserted province. We galloped up to the hut—it was built of large unbaked bricks and mud: the roof had been burnt—one of the gables had fallen to half its height—the other looked nearly falling—one wall had fallen, and we all rode up to this side of the hut—close to us there was a deep well, into which the saltadores had thrown all the bodies—first the courier and postilion, then the dog, and then the horses. The carcasses of the horses lay before us—they were nearly eaten up by the eagles and bischacos. The dog had not been touched—he was a very large one—and from the heat of the weather, he was now bloated up to a size quite extraordinary—his throat was cut, and in my life I never saw so much expression in the countenance of a dead animal—his lip was curled up, and one could not but fancy that it expressed the feelings of rage and fidelity under which he had evidently fought to the last. In the hut lay the bodies of the courier and postilion, with their throat cut\*—they were barely covered over with some of

\* They had been taken out of the well by some Gauchos."

the loose bricks from the wall. Some pieces of the courier's poncho were lying about, as also several of the covers of the letters which the murderers had opened. In the centre of the hut were the white ashes of a fire which they had kindled—at the corner of the hut stood a solitary peach-tree in blossom—its contrast with the scene before us was very striking. The old courier said something to the post-master, who immediately climbed upon the ruined wall, and threw down some loose bricks—he fell—burst of laughter—we all got off our horses, and we covered the bodies over with bricks—'Con que, senores,' said the old man, 'haremos un oracion para el defunto'—we all took off our hats, and stood round the pile—opposite were our horses looking at us—the old man had thrown the handkerchief off his head, and his beard, which was of four days' growth, was quite white—he stood over the body of his only son, and offered up some prayer, to which all the Gauchos joined their responses. I joined and crossed myself with them; for as the courier looked at me, I was anxious to assist in alleviating the sorrows of an old man, and entertaining my own feelings, which it is not necessary to describe. As soon as the ceremony was over (it lasted about two minutes), we put on our hats. 'Con que, senores,' said the old man; and after a long pause, 'vamos!' said he, upon which the party split into groups to light segars. I had scarcely lighted mine, when the old man came up to light his. His son's body was at our feet, but he put his face close to mine, and as he was sucking and blowing with that earnestness of countenance which is only known to those who are in the habit of lighting a segar, I could not help thinking what an odd scene was before me. However, we mounted our horses—I took a last farewell look at the peach-tree, and we then all galloped across the dry brown grass, to regain the road, and the few minutes of time which we had thus spent at the hut."

Of disposition, manners, and other mixed matters, we shall endeavour to give an idea, by a mélange of quotation, before concluding our notice of this extremely entertaining production.

At Mendoza the public promenade is called the Almeida, and it is stated—"It will hardly be credited that, while this Almeida is filled with people, women of all ages, without clothes of any sort or kind, are bathing in great numbers in the stream which literally bounds the promenade. Shakespeare tells us, that 'the chariest maid is prodigal enough if she unwill her beauties to the moon;' but the ladies of Mendoza, not contented with this, appear even before the sun; and in the mornings and evenings they really bathe without any clothes in the Rio de Mendoza, the water of which is seldom up to their knees, the men and women all together; and certainly, of all the scenes which in my life I have witnessed, I never beheld one so indescribable."—But "Provisions are cheap, and the people who bring them quiet and civil; the climate is exhausting; and the whole population indolent. 'Mais que voulez-vous?' how can the people of Mendoza be otherwise? Their situation dooms them to inactivity—they are bounded by the Andes and by the Pampas; and, with such formidable and relentless barriers around them, what have they to do with the history, or the improvements, or the notions of the rest of the world? Their wants are few, and nature readily supplies them,—the day is long, and therefore as soon as they have had their breakfasts, and

have made a few arrangements for their supper, it is so very hot that they go to sleep;—and what else could they do better?"

Burials are as indecorous as bathings. Certainly (proceeds our authority) the way in which the people were buried at Buenos Ayres appeared more strange to my eyes than any of the customs of the place. Of late years, a few of the principal people have been buried in coffins; but generally the dead are called for by a hack hearse, in which there is a fixed coffin, into which they are put; when away the man gallops with the corpse, and leaves it in the vestibule of the Recoleta. There is a small vehicle for children, which I really thought was a mountebank's cart; it was a light, open tray, on wheels painted white, with light blue silk curtains, and driven at a gallop by a lad dressed in scarlet, with an enormous plume of white feathers in his hat. As I was riding home one day, I was overtaken by this cart, (without its curtains, &c.) in which there was the corpse of a black boy nearly naked. I galloped along with it for some distance; the boy, from the rapid motion of the carriage, was dancing sometimes on his back, and sometimes in his face; occasionally his arm or leg would get through the bar of the tray; and two or three times I really thought the child would have been out of the tray altogether. The bodies of the rich, were generally attended by their friends; but the carriages, with four people in each, were seldom able to go as fast as the hearse. I went one day to the Recoleta, and just as I got there, the little hearse drove up to the gate. The man who had charge of the burial-place received from the driver a ticket, which he read, and put into his pocket; the driver then got into the tray, and taking out a dead infant of about eight months old, he gave it to the man, who carried it swinging by one of its arms into the square-walled burial-ground, and I followed him. He went to a spot about ten yards from the corner, and then, without putting his foot upon the spade, or at all lifting up the ground, he scratched a place not so deep as the furrow of a plough. While he was doing this, the poor little infant was lying before us on the ground on its back; it had one eye open, and the other shut; its face was unswayed; and a small piece of dirty cloth was tied round its middle: the man, as he was talking to me, placed the child in the little furrow, pushed its arms to its side with the spade, and covering it so barely with earth that part of the cloth was still visible, he walked away and let it. I took the spade, and was going to bury the poor child myself, when I recollected that, as a stranger, I should probably give offence, and I therefore walked towards the gate. I met the same man, with an assistant, carrying a tray, in which was the body of a very old man, followed by his son, who was about forty; the party were all quarrelling, and remained disputing for some minutes after they had brought the body to the edge of the trench. This trench was about seven feet broad, and had been dug from one wall of the burial-ground to the other: the corpses were buried across it by fours, one above another, and there was a movable shutter which went perpendicularly across the trench, and was moved a step forwards as soon as the fourth body was interred. One body had already been interred; the son jumped down upon it, and while he was thus in the grave, standing upon one body and leaning against three, the two grave-diggers gave him his father, who was dressed in a long, coarse, white linen shirt. The grave was so narrow that the man had

great difficulty in laying the body in it; but as soon as he had done so, he addressed the lifeless corpse of his father, and embraced it with a great deal of feeling: the situation of the father and son, although so very unusual, seemed at the moment any thing but unnatural. In scrambling out of the grave, the man very nearly knocked a woman out of the tier of corpses at his back; and as soon as he was up, the two attendants with their spades threw earth down upon the face and the white dress of the old man, until both were covered with a very thin layer of earth: the two men then jumped down with heavy wooden rammers, and they really ramm'd the corpse in that sort of way that, had the man been alive, he would have been killed; and we then all walked away."

The travelling, it must have been already perceived, is of an extraordinary kind. Elsewhere the writer says—

"It is scarcely possible to conceive a wilder sight than our carriage and covered cart, as I often saw them,\* galloping over the trackless plain, and preceded or followed by a troop of from thirty to seventy wild horses, all loose and galloping, driven by a Gaucho and his son, and sometimes by a couple of children. The picture seems to correspond with the danger which positively exists in passing through uninhabited regions, which are so often invaded by the merciless Indians."

"In crossing the Pampas it is absolutely necessary to be armed, as there are many robbers or salteadores, particularly in the desolate province of Santa Fé. The object of these people is, of course, money, and I therefore always rode so badly dressed, and so well armed, that although I once passed through them with no one but a child as a postilion, they thought it not worth their while to attack me. I always carried two brace of detonating pistols in a belt, and a short detonating double-barrelled gun in my hand. I made it a rule never to be an instant without my arms, and to cock both barrels of my gun whenever I met any Gauchos. With respect to the Indians, a person riding can use no precaution, but must just run the gauntlet, and take his chance, which, if calculated, is a good one. If he fall in with them, he may be tortured and killed, but it is very improbable that he should happen to find them on the road; however, they are so cunning, and ride so quick, and the country is so uninhabited, that it is impossible to gain any information about them: besides this, the people are so alarmed, and there are so many constant reports concerning them, that it becomes useless to attend to any, and I believe it is just as safe to ride towards the spot at which one hears they are, as to turn back. The greatest danger in riding alone across the Pampas, is the constant falls which the horses get in the holes of the biscachos. I calculated that, upon an average, my horse fell with me in a gallop once in every three hundred miles; and although, from the ground being very soft, I was never seriously hurt, yet, previous to starting, one cannot help feeling what a forlorn situation it would be, to break a limb, or dislocate a joint, so many hundred miles from any sort of assistance."

\* "I was one day observing them, instead of looking before me, when my horse fell in a biscachero, and rolled over upon my arm. It was so crushed that it made me very faint; but before I could get into my saddle, the carriages were almost out of sight; and while the sky was still looking green from the pain I was enduring, I was obliged to ride after them; and I believe I had seven miles to gallop, as hard as my horse could go, before I could overtake the carriage to give up my horse."

Provisions are not always to be had at the end of a day's ride of some hundred and twenty or fifty miles. Even at San Luis, a supper is a matter of much difficulty. "We got to the post just as it was dark, and eagerly inquired of the wild group if there was an inn in the town. 'No hai! senior; no hai!' We then inquired for beds. 'No hai! senior; no hai!' — 'Is there a café?' 'No hai! senior,' in exactly the same tone of voice. When we looked round us, we found nothing but bare walls and fens. We happened (that day) to have English saddles, and we therefore began to ask again about beds. The woman told us we should have hers, and in a few moments she brought mattress and all, rolled up, and laid it down on the floor; however, when I cast my eyes on the blanket, and above all the sheets, I begged, in the most earnest manner, that she would let me have something a little cleaner. 'Son limpio,' (they are clean) said the woman, taking up the sheet, and pointing to a little spot which looked whiter than the rest. There was no use in arguing the point, so I walked out of the hut, leaving the corner of the sheet in the woman's hand, and declaring that it was quite impossible to sleep there. I went to the door of the Maestro de Posta (postmaster), and told him that I had ridden all day without eating; that I was very hungry, and begged to know what we could have. 'Lo que quiere, senior, tenemos todo,' (whatever you choose, we have every thing). I knew too well what 'todo' meant, and he accordingly explained to me that he had 'carne de vaca and gallinas' (beef and fowls). I ordered a fowl, and then went to my room. The sight of the bed again haunted me, and after looking at it for some time, with every inclination to persuade myself that it was even bearable, but in vain—I resolved to go to the governor, deliver my letters, and see what I could do with him. I procured a guide, who was to lead me in the dark to the governor's house. After walking some distance, 'Aquí está,' said the man. 'What, is that it?' said I, pointing to a door at which some black naked children were standing.—No, it was the next house. The governor was not at home; but I found his wife sitting on a bed, surrounded by ladies—requested to sit down, but hurried off to the Coronello—he was not at home, said a young lady, who begged me to sit down.—Went to the barracks—my reception—an Ordenanza or soldier ordered to return with me to the post, to desire the postmaster to treat me with particular respect.—The town of San Luis by moonlight—no houses to be seen, but garden walls of mud.—Went to look after my dinner—found the girl who was to cook it sitting in the smoke with the peons—I saw a black iron pot on the fire, in which I supposed was my fowl—I asked if the fowl was there. 'No, senior, aquí está,' said the girl, throwing an old blanket off her bare shoulders, and shewing me the fowl alive in her lap. I was going to complain, and I fear to swear, but the smoke so got into my eyes and mouth that I could neither see nor speak. At last I asked for eggs. 'No hai, senior.' 'Good heavens!' said I, 'in the capital of San Luis there is not one single egg?' 'Yes,' she said; but it was too late; she would get me some mañana (tomorrow). She asked me if I liked cheese.—'Oh, yes,' said I, eagerly. She gave me an enormous cheese, and insisted on my taking the whole of it; but she had no bread. I had hurt my right arm by my horse falling; however, I carried the cheese into my room, and then did not know where to put it: the floor



was filthy—the bed was worse, and there was nothing else; so supporting it with my lame arm, I stood for some seconds moralising on the state of the capital of the Province of San Luis."

But, with all the native wants, improvements are not easily introduced: for example, a British Milk Company. "We had all sorts of English speculations in South America, some of which were really amusing. Besides many brother companies which I met with at Buenos Ayres, I found a sister association of milkmaids. It had suddenly occurred to some of the younger sons of John Bull, that as there were a number of beautiful cows in the United Provinces of Rio de la Plata, a quantity of good pasture, and as the people of Buenos Ayres had no butter to their bread, a Churning Company would answer admirably; and before the idea was many months old, a cargo of Scotch milkmaids were lying becalmed under the Line, on their passage to make butter at Buenos Ayres. As they were panting and sighing (being from heavy rains unable to come on deck), Neptune as usual boarded the ship; and the sailors who were present say that his first observation was, that he had never found so many passengers and so few beards to shave; however, when it was explained to him, that they were not Britannia's sons, but Jenny Bulls, who have no beards, the old god smiled and departed. The people at Buenos Ayres were thunderstruck at the unexpected arrival of so many British milkmaids; however, private arrangements had been made, and they, therefore, had milk before it was generally known that they had got cows. But the difficulties which they experienced were very great: instead of leaning their heads against patient domestic animals, they were introduced to a set of lawless wild creatures, who looked so fierce, that no young woman who ever sat upon a three-legged stool could dare to approach, much less to milk them!—But the Gauchos attacked the cows, tied their legs with strips of hide, and, as soon as they became quiet, the shops of Buenos Ayres were literally full of butter. But now for the sad moral of the story:—after the difficulties had been all conquered, it was discovered, first, that the butter would not keep!—and, secondly, that somehow or other the Gauchos and natives of Buenos Ayres . . . . . liked oil better!"

While mentioning the mines, we omitted La Carolina (of gold), of which the account is too curious to be overlooked.

"In the evening we came to a small stream of water, which led us to the wretched hamlet of La Carolina, which is close to the mine. A man offered us a shed to sleep in, which we readily accepted, and we then went into several of the huts, and conversed with the poor people, who had heard of rich English associations, and who thought we were come to give them every thing they could desire. In the evening we got some supper, and slept on the ground in an out-house. We had observed a very savage dog tied up in the yard, which was constantly trying to get at us. In the middle of the night, while the moon was shining upon us through some holes in the roof, this dog walked in, and after smelling us all, he went to sleep among us. The whole of the next day we spent in the mines and the lavaderos, and in the evening I walked alone into a little garden, and looked among the soil for gold. I really was able to find a very few particles, and it was singular to collect such a commodity in the gardens of such very poor people. On my return I called at several of the huts, to

receive some gold dust which I had promised to purchase of them. It happened that I had nothing but a quantity of four-dollar gold-pieces, and although they were current all over South America, I found, to my very great astonishment, that no one here would take them. In vain I assured them of their value; for these poor people (accustomed to change gold for silver) all shook their fingers in my face, and in different voices exclaimed, 'No vale nada,' (gold is worth nothing); and among such wild mountains, the great moral truth of their assertion rushed very forcibly into my mind. I offered them the piece of four dollars for what they only asked two and three dollars, but they would not take it; and we had hardly silver enough among us to remunerate our landlord for the board and lodging which he had afforded us."

The manners of the feathered animals may be instance, to finish the whole picture we have drawn of men, women, children, and other animals.

"The corral is about fifty or one hundred yards from the hut, and is a circle of about thirty yards in diameter, enclosed by a number of strong rough posts, the ends of which are struck into the ground. Upon these posts are generally a number of idle-looking vultures or hawks, and the ground around the hut and corral is covered with bones and carcasses of horses, bullocks' horns, wool, &c., which give it the smell and appearance of an ill-kept dog-kennel in England."

At the gold mine of Caren, which has not been wrought for a hundred years, and is now for sale, "we were," says the author, "sitting with the native miners, when one of my men called out there was a condor, and we all instantly ran out. He had been attracted by the smell of a dead lamb which we had brought with us, and which was placed upon the roof of the hut. The enormous bird, with the feathers of his wings stretched out like radii or fingers, majestically descended, without the least fear, until apparently he was only ten or fifteen yards above us. One of the men fired at him with a gun loaded with large shot—his legs fell, and he evidently had received the whole of the charge in his chest; yet he instantly bent his course towards the snowy mountains which were opposite to us, and boldly attempted to cross the valley; but after flying for many seconds, he could go no further, and he began to tower. He rose perpendicularly to a great height, and then, suddenly dying in the air—so that we really saw his convulsive struggle—he fell like a stone. To my astonishment, he struck the side of the mountain apparently close to us; and as I looked at him lying on the rock, I could not account for his being so very near us, (apparently thirty or forty yards); for as he had evidently fallen perpendicularly, the distance which separated us, was of course the hypotenuse of a right-angled triangle, the base of which it had taken him many seconds to fly. I sent one of the Chili miners, who were accustomed to descend the mountain, to fetch him; and I went into the hut, and re-

"The hawks are very tame, and they are seldom to be seen except at the huts; but occasionally they have followed me for many leagues, keeping just before me, and with their round black eyes gazing intently on my face, which I fancied attracted their notice from being burnt by the sun, and I literally often thought they were a little inclined to taste it. They are constantly in the habit of attacking the horses and mules who have sore backs; and I have often observed these birds hovering about six inches above them. It is curious to compare the countenance of the two animals. The hawk, with his head bent downwards, and his eye earnestly fixed upon the wound; the mule, with his back crouched down, his ears lying back, whisking his tail, afraid to eat, and apparently not knowing whether to rear or kick."

mained eight or ten minutes. On coming out, and asking for the bird, I was surprised to see that the man was not half-way to him; and although he descended and ascended very actively, his return was equally long. The fact was, that the bird had reached the ground a great distance from us; but this distance was so small in proportion to the stupendous objects around us, that, accustomed to their dimensions, we were unable to appreciate it."

"In riding along the plain, I passed a dead horse, about which were forty or fifty condors; many of them were gorged, and unable to fly; several were standing on the ground devouring the carcass—the rest hovering above it. I rode within twenty yards of them: one of the largest of the birds was standing with one foot on the ground, and the other on the horse's body—display of muscular strength, as he lifted the flesh and tore off great pieces, sometimes shaking his head and pulling with his beak, and sometimes pushing with his leg. Got to Mendoza, and went to bed. Wakened by one of my party who arrived: he told me, that seeing the condors hovering in the air, and knowing that several of them would be gorged,\* he had also ridden up to the dead horse, and that as one of these enormous birds flew about fifty yards off, and was unable to go any farther, he rode up to him, and then, jumping off his horse, seized him by the neck. The contest was extraordinary, and the encounter unexpected. No two animals can be imagined less likely to meet, than a Conchish miner and a condor; and few could have speculated, a year ago, when the one was hovering high above the snowy pinnacles of the Cordillera, and the other many fathoms beneath the surface of the ground in Cornwall, that they would ever meet to wrestle & hug upon the wide desert plain of Villa-Vicencia. My companion said he had never had such a battle in his life; that he put his knee upon the bird's breast, and tried with all his strength to twist his neck; but that the condor, objecting to this, struggled violently; and thus also, as several others were flying over his head, he expected they would attack him. He said, that at last he succeeded in killing his antagonist; and with great pride he shewed me the large feathers from his wings; but when the third horseman came in, he told us he had found the condor in the path, but not quite dead."

The famous Katerfelto used facetiously to describe his father in terms somewhat like the following: "Sir, my father was a great philosopher; he study under de King of Prussia, on horseback, full gallop, about!" Captain Head seems to have galloped all over the world as fast as he could; he has seen and described much that is very curious, and he has done it in a most agreeable manner.

#### SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

*Mr. John Dunn Hunter defended: or, some Remarks on an Article in the North American Review, in which that Gentleman is branded as an Imposter.* By E. Norgate. London, 1826. J. Miller.

WE are unwilling to take any part in the controversy respecting the individual above named,

"The manner in which the Gauchos catch these birds is to kill a horse and skin him; and they say that, although not a condor is to be seen, the smell instantly attracts them. When I was at one of the mines in Chili, I fully mentioned to a person that I should like to have a condor: some days afterwards a Gaucho arrived at Santiago from this person with three large ones. They had all been caught in this manner, and had been hung over a horse; two had died of galloping, but the other was alive. I gave the Gaucho a dollar, who immediately left me to consider what I could do with three such enormous birds."

for various reasons. We knew him when he was in this country; and certainly, if possible to decide from manners and appearances, we would say that he was almost, if not altogether the person he represented himself to be. There were slight indications of the character about him, not to be readily assumed, and requiring, if assumed, the most consummate art,—which impressed on our mind the reality of his story. The North American Reviewer, however, has made out a strong case against him, and we are sorry to say (compelled by truth) that Mr. Norgate's is but a circumstantial and inconclusive refutation of it. Besides, much time has elapsed since the charge was made, and it is strange that we should not have any news of any kind about or from Mr. Hunter. In this state of, we may say painful, doubt, we shall only refer, for the sake of throwing a light upon the question, to one point at issue between the American Reviewer and Mr. Norgate. At page 8 of the pamphlet we read—

"The Reviewer says, after having called Hunter 'one of the boldest imposters that has appeared in the literary world since the days of Palmanazar,' that his book is without the ingenuity and learning which, like redeeming qualities, rendered the history of Formosa an object of rational curiosity. 'It is a worthless fabrication, and in this respect is beneath the dignity of criticism; compelled, no doubt, by some professional book-maker, partly from preceding accounts, and partly from the inventions of Hunter.' A certain degree of incredulity at first, as to the veracity of the narrator of such a tale as his, was perfectly natural, and must have been anticipated. It might well excite astonishment, that a person, kidnapped in his infancy, and torn away from all civilised society, plunged into the deep forests of America by a tribe of Indians, and learning no other than their barbarous language; following for fifteen or sixteen years their wandering habits, and trusting to the hunted animals around him for food and clothing,—it must excite astonishment, that a person thus brought up, should, in the short space of a few years from his escape, be able to compose a volume in the English language, where terms of art and science are employed, and where subjects relating to morals, law, natural history, commerce, &c. are frequently introduced. This naturally excited astonishment. Mr. Candler, however, speaking of Hunter's Narrative, in his *Summary View of America*, says, 'This book is so evidently the work of some other person than the professed author, that it should have been mentioned in the preface, and the third person used instead of the first.' Now, Hunter does avow his 'imperfect acquaintance with the English language'; and, moreover, does distinctly acknowledge in the preface, which Mr. Candler must have read very carelessly, 'that he was assisted by his friend Edward Clark, with interrogations respecting some of the subject matter, and the revision and arrangement of the manuscript.' It is but justice, however, to add, that this assistance must be understood to refer to that part only of his book which was written and published in America. After he arrived in England he made considerable additions to the original publication, including all that part of his book under the head of 'Indian Anecdotes.'

"As much of this was written in the room whilst I was sitting by his side, I know positively that it was never revised, but passed directly from his hands to those of his publisher's. I have many of his private letters in my possession, and a perusal of them would

satisfy the most incredulous of his competency to have written the book, of which I firmly believe he was the *real* as well as the *professed* author."

As a comment upon this passage, as a literary curiosity, and as a clue to the American commentators on Hunter's account of himself and knowledge of the Indian dialects, we subjoin a Note of his, *verbatim et literatim*, which, it will be seen, is legitimately in our possession.

"I was out yesterday when you were kind enough to send me the books and the note of the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*. I should have answered them immediately, but my engagements forbid, and I have now embraced the opportunity, which affords me much pleasure. As I have before had occasion to remark, an Indian takes his name from remarkable events connected with his life; of course, have frequently as many names in the course of a long life, as they have experienced such occurrences. I have had several, though not derived from any very important circumstances or praiseworthy deeds, though none dishonourable. Among the Kickapoos my name Kosh-he-ga, or New Relation, Strange Brother. Among the Kansas, Ra-bash-he. Then, passing to the Osages, I received the name of Nesh-kee-faw, or the falling river, because it was a place of that kind we met and exchanged the peace, Wampum, and became friends. Becoming at length more expert in the chase, I was awarded the name in

Ozago	.....of.....	Oga-ton-ga.
Kansas	.....	Shu-sha-ga.
Pawnee	.....	Pou-to-ke-u.
Ottawa	.....	Kron-she.
Maha	.....	Pe-ka.
Missouri	.....	Om-pa-nah.
Quapaw	.....	Es-to-shah.
Cherokee	.....	Sho-gus-tee.
Chickahaw	.....	Wa-aka-le-pew-tech.
Creek	.....	Tal-pa-ho-kee.
Choctaw	.....	Chuck-le-na-tah.
Chippewas	.....	He-ke-me-nah.
Sau-kies	.....	O-hee.
Zozes	.....	Ske-tu-hugh.
Potawatomics	.....	Num-pee.

From this it may be seen how incorrectly and ungrammatically Mr. Hunter wrote English: and from this also, those acquainted with the Indian dialects may be able to determine if Mr. Hunter was really conversant with them or not.

We add no observations, for we confess our inclination is to credit Mr. Hunter's autobiography; and yet we are staggered by the North American Review so much, that we heartily wish Mr. Norgate had more facts and fewer arguments.

*A Treatise on the Divine Sovereignty.* By Robert Wilson, A.M. 8vo. pp. 200. London, 1826. Hatchard; Seely; Simpkin and Co.; Sherwood and Co., &c.

A pious work, in which the author examines the scriptural texts and arguments in favour of Calvinism, and expounds them with reference to their contexts and other circumstances.

*Cumberland's British Theatre, with Remarks,* &c. Vol. XIII. London, 1826. Cumberland.

We have noticed some of the Numbers which form this volume, as they issued from the press, and need now only repeat that it is an extremely cheap and extremely neat production. The frontispiece has Farren as Periwinkle; and there are no fewer than seven dramas of one kind and another, comedy, opera, farce, &c., in the volume. Each has a woodcut of characters; and there are some curious remarks on dramatic costume and stage directions.

Nos. 92 and 93, just published, of the same work, belong to the 14th volume, and there is in the former a very clever portrait of Harley, as Billy Bombast. The plays, at 6d. each, are the *Disagreeable Surprise* and the *Stranger*.

*General Directions for Collecting and Preserving Exotic Insects and Crustacea; designed for the Use of Residents in Foreign Countries, Travellers, &c. With Illustrative Plates.* By George Samouelle, A.L.S. 12mo. pp. 70. London, 1826. Longman and Co.

The title-page fully explains the nature of this little work, and the name of Mr. Samouelle is too highly appreciated for his services to the entomologist,\* to stand in need of any new panegyric. It is a sufficient pledge for a useful publication; and such is the present manual. With it in his hand, the curious traveller may collect with little trouble what will be much prized by friends at home; what will in future years remind him of the past scenes of active life; what will be ornamental, and objects of general interest; and what will be advantageous to the cause of science.

*Geraldine Murray; a Tale of Fashionable Life.* 4 vols. By E. H. P., late Miss M'Leod. Newman and Co.

We have heard of ladies changing their names, but never before met with a lady who had given up her name for initial letters, as Miss M'Leod seems to have done. She dates her preface, however, from a place which sounds extremely matrimonial, viz. Fing-ring-ho Hall, Essex; and we dare hope that E. H. P. is as happy as the late Miss M'Leod could wish her to be. So much for the author; and we have little more to say about the book. As drudging critics, we cannot be expected to know aught of *Fashionable Life*; and we can only guess that the Lords, Ladies, Honourable Mr.'s, Mistresses, and Misses, Counts, Baronets, and other great folks who figure in these pages, are drawn to the life. It appears to us, though the characters often speak out very plainly to each other, that there is considerable tact displayed in drawing them, and that the writer is not unobservant of the workings of human motives and passions, which she describes with those details seldom found in the works of male novelists, and yet so generally met with in female authors.

*The Prophetess; a Tale of the Last Century in Italy.* 3 vols. 12mo. Edinburgh, 1826, T. Clarke; London, Longman and Co.

We have often to regret that Tales of the last Century, or of some preceding centuries, should be revived in our times; nor do we find much in the *Prophetess* to make us entertain more golden opinions of the olden ages. As the writer of a novel, the *Prophetess* is merely an old woman; but there are some amusing historical and classical remarks, and some fair sketches, such as a traveller might pick up about Rome.

*The Parterre, and other Poems.* By Jane Evans. 12mo. pp. 240. Dublin, 1826, J. Cumming; London, Longman and Co.

BEING from a female pen, we abstain from criticising these poems, which do not possess qualities prominent enough to raise them above the ordinary level.

\* See his *Entomologist's Useful Companion*, 8vo. 1819, reviewed in the *Literary Gazette* of that year.

## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, September 23, 1836.

THE visit of Mr. Gurney to Paris has excited a considerable sensation amongst the learned; they admit the correctness of the chemical principles on which the system of his new steam engine is constructed; but the results so far surpass all calculation, that they very justly observe, it must be seen to be believed: but what excites most their astonishment, is the report of the steam carriage which is to run between Calais and Paris in one half of the time taken by the diligences. An engine is about to be erected at Paris for this purpose; and in a few months a steam carriage is proposed to be started between Calais and Paris.

I take shame to myself for not having noticed earlier a most useful and valuable work, edited by Count de Lasteyrie, intitled, *Journal des Connoissances utiles et pratiques*—Journal of useful and practical Knowledge: it is published monthly, and contains much real information, for the comforts, conveniences, and the wants of the great mass of society: it has now been published about eighteen months. I shall frequently have occasion to make extracts from it for the *Literary Gazette*. The August Number has, among other articles—Course of Geometry and Mechanics applied to the Arts. History of Coffee. Method of packing Seeds for keeping on long Voyages. Method of collecting Cantharides. Instrument for making Bakers' Dough for Bread. Method of copying Inscriptions engraved on Marble. On Dying with Prussian Blue. Cement for the Cavities of Cast Iron. Cement for Steam Boilers. On the cultivation of Sumach for the Curriers. of Chinella in Spain. of Tea in Spain. Utility of Frogs for destroying Insects. New Method of destroying Weevils. On Vaccination.

St. Evremont said, that Religion was the last amour of the female heart; it seems, too, to be the last resource of paralyzed literature. You informed us in a recent Number of the *Literary Gazette*, that a week had elapsed without one publication in London: they manage these things better in France; and we have the *Journal de la Librairie* filled with Psalters, Prayer Books, Missionary Sermons, &c. &c.: this is some variation from the old proverb—

When money and land is gone and spent,  
Then learning is most excellent.

It happens, too, that just at this time is celebrated the *Nouvaine* of Mount Calvary: when the faithful and the unfaithful flock in crowds and droves to do penance for their sins, most edifyingly walk barefoot up a rugged mountain, which is a stony but not a thorny way, and when they have got there, can have the supreme satisfaction of getting souls out of purgatory at "a penny a lot." One of our countrymen hearing, last year, a woman bawling out, "Only a penny, ladies and gentlemen, to get a poor soul out of purgatory!" was taken with a fit of holy compassion, and gave ten sous, on the woman assuring him, on her *parole d'honneur*, that he would release five souls; and it must be confessed that charity could never be better bestowed; and this is the *siècle de lumières*!

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

## CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR OCTOBER.

We greet the approaching season, when, interrupted by the illuminated atmosphere of the short nights of summer, we can resume the sublime employment of tracing the lights of heaven, as with intense brilliancy they shine forth from their depths of blue, throwing a robe of splendour around the dreariness and desola-

tion of winter, the glory of which must excite emotions in every heart that is not paralysed by the leaden sceptre of apathy; none but such can contemplate with indifference those bright orbs which beamed forth in youthful beauty on Eden's garden, which shone on the path of the antediluvian patriarch in his pastoral wanderings, which guided the bark of the adventurous mariner in the early ages of nautical science, which inspired the songs of the bards of antiquity, which drew forth the admiration of our immediate progenitors, and which shall continue to shed their sweet influences when the present generation shall have mingled their dust with the clouds of the valley.

23d day, 10 hrs., 48 min., the sun enters Scorpio according to the intellectual zodiac of the moderns, though his true place among the stars is in the left foot of the Virgin. 30th day, 13 hrs., 21 min., 36 sec., the sun will be eclipsed, but invisible to the British Isles.

A spot of considerable magnitude is at the present time traversing the solar disk, and verging towards the western limb, the nucleus being very dark, of a circular form, with a bright arch stretching across it, and the extremities gradually disappearing in the umbra, which partakes of the outline of the dark part, except in the north-eastern direction, where it branches off, and terminates in three minute spots; a dark, well-defined narrow ridge marks the eastern and western boundary, which throws the surrounding umbra into considerable relief.

## Phases and Conjunctions.

	D.	H.	M.
● New Moon . . . . .	1	3	29
○ First Quarter . . . . .	7	19	10
○ Full Moon . . . . .	15	9	46
○ Last Quarter . . . . .	23	14	50
● New Moon . . . . .	30	13	22

The moon will be in conjunction with

	D.	H.	M.
Venus . . . . .	4	12	30
Mars . . . . .	6	15	0
Saturn . . . . .	31	15	45
Jupiter . . . . .	28	7	15
Mercury . . . . .	31	9	0

12th day, 12 hrs., Mercury will be in his superior conjunction with the sun.

Venus will be in conjunction with

	D.	H.	M.
♄ Scorpi . . . . .	7	1	
♂ Antares . . . . .	11	23	
♂ Antares . . . . .	13	31	
♂ Ophiuch . . . . .	24	22	

13th day, this beautiful planet will be at her greatest elongation; but, having considerable southern declination, will sink below the horizon soon after the sun has disappeared. Her disk has attained the increased angle of 24" with 6 digits of the western limb illuminated, consequently she appears as a half-moon. It was under this phase that her diurnal motion was deduced by Schroeter, and found to confirm the calculation of Cassini, though from very different data; the latter by the motion of the spots, the former by the alternate bluntness and sharpness of one of the cusps of Venus; which phenomenon he conceived to be occasioned by the interception of the light by an elevated mountain. This renewal and withdrawing was completed in 23 hrs. 29' 59", which is only one minute less than Cassini had determined the daily rotation to be, 120 years before.

Mars will be in conjunction with

	D.	H.	M.
♂ Sagittari . . . . .	14	16	
♂ ——— . . . . .	29	18	

This planet continues sufficiently conspicuous for observation, and is easily distinguished by the redness of its light, which is supposed to arise from an atmosphere of great

density and extent, it being well known that a beam of light, passing from a distance through a medium of considerable density, will always incline to red. Its atmosphere has been observed by some to affect the brilliancy of the fixed stars, when in close approximation; this, however, was not the case when Mars was in opposition, in May. No other diminution of light then occurred, than is usually observed when the fixed stars are approached by a body of superior brightness.

13th day, Jupiter having escaped the solar rays will be visible as a morning star, in the equinoctial point; he will consequently rise due east. 23d day, 20 hrs. In conjunction with a Virginis, a star of the third magnitude, in the left shoulder of the Virgin. The following will be the only visible eclipse of his satellites:

First satellite. Immersion, 21st day, 17 hrs., 23 min., 52 sec.

18th day, Saturn stationary. The situation of this planet is peculiarly interesting among the numerous stars in the foot of the Twins. Saturn transits the meridian, 1st day, 17 hrs., 54 min.; 13th day, 17 hrs., 11 min.; 25th day, 16 hrs., 26 min.

13th day, 14 hrs., 45 min. Uranus in quadrature, and transits the meridian, 1st day, 6 hrs., 58 min.; 11th day, 6 hrs., 22 min.; 21st day, 5 hrs., 45 min.

The zodiacal constellation, on or near the meridian at midnight, during the month, is Aries, distinguished by three stars, arranged in nearly the form of a bow, the brightest of which is in the forehead, Arctis, a star of the second magnitude, whose meridian altitude is 61° 5' 30". When this constellation is on the meridian, Perseus is in the zenith, Apparatus Sculptoris and Officina Chemica are in the south horizon; Canis minor is near the east; Boötes north; and the Dolphin west; Gemini east; Lyra north-west; Andromeda south-west of the zenith; Cassiopeia north-west; Camelopardalis north-east, and Taurus south-east; Orion, the most splendid of all the constellations, in the south-east, which, as it emerges above the horizon, appears gradually to arise from a reclining posture, till on the meridian it attains an erect attitude, and seems the sentinel of Winter resuming his guardian care over the sleeping nations.

Depford.

J. T. B.

## NORMAN ANTIQUITIES.

Is a volume of the proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries, which was established about two years ago, in Normandy, there are several very interesting papers,—particularly some by M. de Gerville. His first communication has for its object to point out the most ancient churches in the diocese of Coutances. He has not discovered above two or three belonging to a period anterior to the eleventh century. As for those of that century, their semicircular arches, their massive columns, and their general form, possessing many resemblances to Roman architecture, have caused them to be called *opas Romanum*. M. de Gerville gives to this mixed architecture the name of "*romane*;" and describes various churches which exhibit it in their construction. Of nearly six hundred churches, which he has visited in the department of La Manche, he reckons sixty-three to be of this "*romane*" architecture; twenty others to belong to the time of pointed arches,—that is to say, to the twelfth or thirteenth century; and all the others to be of a more recent date. A second communication from M. de Gerville relates to the church of Mortain, and the cathedral of Coutances—monuments of great importance in the history



of architecture, as they determine the time of the transition from the semicircular to the pointed arch,—which it throws further back than had hitherto been supposed. The English writers on architecture, and especially Dr. Milner, in his *Essay on the Architecture of the Middle Ages*, assert, that the first pointed arches appeared about the year 1130; while M. de Gerville proves, that the church of Mortain, a monument of the transition in which the pointed arch prevailed, was built in 1082; and that the most ancient part of the cathedral of Coutance, which is of the same period, exhibits acutely-pointed arches, of great regularity, and such as were constructed at the end of the twelfth century.

## FINE ARTS.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS OF ARTISTS, &amp;c.

## No. XII.—Family Pictures.

THESE are few occasions wherein a shrewd observer of men and manners may find more genuine matter for an inward fit of risibility than that which is occasionally afforded on a visit to some vast, antiquated family mansion, when honoured by a *cicerone* in the starched representative of the house. The self-importance of the aristocratic Don on going through the history of his ancestry, ranged side by side in the long dreary gallery of frumps, is certainly to be numbered among the things that "help repay a curious traveller for his turmoil." To listen to these egotistical, dull chroniclers of their own dead, is one of the few delights worth living for; one, indeed, that any well-constituted gentleman of means might reasonably move a hundred miles to witness, even though he travelled at the cost of a post-chaise and four.

It is not, however, in the long gallery alone that these gaudy images of great great-grandfathers, and three great greater uncles still and aunts, are crowded; every apartment is a portrait-gallery. The library, the drawing-room, the cedar-room, the octagon, and the refectory; the blue-chamber, the rose-chamber, the barberry-chamber, and the green-chamber, sometimes the green-room called,—but as like, by association, to that at Covent Garden, old Drury, or the Opera, as is a sad funeral to a merry banquet,—or a red cabbage to a blushing rose. But, hold! compare your singers, figurantes, and the like, to likenesses like these! your Lady Betty's, Dorothy's, and Lady Di—; or, still more proudly-sounding dames, your Heneages or Winifreds? Forbid it, all the ghosts of all the marble effigies recumbent in our church!

There in the gallery we behold some old Sir Knight, "bearded like the pard," with visage of such shape and cut as would defy a genealogist to guess whether he belonged to the court of Charlemagne or that of the great Cham of Tartary. And next some holy churchman, with an anti-Christian scowl, who, but for his close caput cap and dingy gown, might pass for a fierce chieftain of the Catabaws. Some great luminaries of the law, whose looks would puzzle physiognomists to find therein one legal trait. And then a row of ancients, with worm-eaten plumes, civilians, diplomatists, travellers;—and here and there, trenching on modern times, within a century or two, tall, ghastly, long-faced sportsmen, attired in jackets, jockey-caps, belted, and in boots and spurs of every fashion from the days of Nimrod; and these accompanied by beagle, greyhound, spaniel, setter, harrier, talbot, terrier, and otter-bound, with heads and tails as unlike dogs of our days, as their outlandish-looking masters are remote from living mortals. And how the pompous

cicerone struts, and, pointing 'neath the proud complex scutcheon, overcharged with charges,—brays aloud,—Sir Marmaduke, sixth generation!

We need not seek so far in times remote, however, for pictured resemblances of such seemingly strange living prototypes. Nature, we are assured, was not in fault; the fashion-monger and the painter too, such were certain periods of art, conspired to hand them down thus disfigured and disguised to after generations.

It would be gratifying to laudable curiosity to discover who were the limners, the notable fabricators of these ancient patrician scaramouches. The poets, great and small, are known by name: each printed poem owes its author. Not so with painting; for though your epics, historical as well ideal, with lofty landscape, and compositions dark and obscure, by hands unknown, get fathered by some great painter's name, through dilettanti sponsors,—yet not even the ciceroni of these mansions pretend to know the names of these, whose handy-works have thus perpetuated the honours of their house. But what of this? Had Titian's self stamped the resemblance on the canvass, even his initials would have maintained no place upon that plate that bore the important information,—Sir Otho, or Sir Oliver, seventh generation!

There is yet, it must be allowed, something imposing in the simple property antiquity. Even nonsense, or drivelling, penned in times remote, has charms for the collector. All must pass current under the garb of the black letter. So with these old painted frumps, or frumpish paintings of olden days; they possess an abstract charm for the genuine antiquary: whilst your beaux and belles, fastidiously clad, and your generals and admirals, in their comical costume,—with your bishops, lawyers, poets, players, painters, and others, in all their grades, as exhibiting themselves under the reigns of the first two Georges, not even the art of Reynolds himself could always so portray as to secure their faithful resemblances from ridicule. It is antiquity alone that can interpose the veil between satire and absurdity.

Referring to the subject of costume, as it applies to *perruques* such as were worn in the days of Louis le Grand, particularly that introduced into England by the Duke of Marlborough, and designated the *ramillies*,—it must be admitted, absurd as this artificial covering of the scone may be, that there was a sort of imposing grandeur in its appearance, particularly as associated with the illustrious men who adopted the fashion of wearing it.

In Hogarth's day they began to degenerate, in size at least; but what they lost in quantity was amply supplied by variety; for there were almost as many *perruques* as professions; and not fewer *wigs* than wearers, of every trade, calling, or persuasion. These, in volume, ponderosity, fabric, shape, and cut, were suited to each grade, and rarely did one class presume to trench upon another's. These manifold examples of the perrier's invention were congenial to Hogarth's art: great as he was in expression, yet what were his characters without the wig?

With Reynolds it was far different; for this self-same thing, whether denominated *perruque*, *ramillies*, *full-bottomed*, *buckled*, *cason*, *jassey*, *scratch*, or *bob*—all were to his refined taste so many ever-varying perplexities. He lived, 'tis true, to see them out; but "all the fates that war 'gainst taste" conspired to interrupt his peace; and whispered, *fashion*, *frizzle*, and

frost, powder and pomade the hair. No sooner said, than 'twas accomplished; when, lo! each *belle* and *beau* came forth with full-dressed poll, glittering to the chandeliers, like hoar-frost in a northern sun.

Nothing is too preposterous for fashion. This originated, too, in France. Even semi-barbarians, having better taste, laugh loudly at our European follies in these matters,—and well they may.

The eccentric Tom Coryatt, of travelling celebrity, boasted of having outcolderd a Hindoo woman,—beat her fairly at her own weapons, in her own vulgar Sanscrit. But this happened in the days of good Queen Bess, when men wore beards, and looked right martial in their curling black locks. Not so with the Europeans in the degenerate age of powdered hair.

When the British troops in the East had possessed themselves of Seringapatam, the ladies, natives of the place, not unfrequently honoured our officers with a morning visit,—when an occasional polite bantering was mutually played off upon the dissimilar customs of each remote people. These eastern ladies wore nose jewels,—upon which ornament, the late Captain Sydenham (an officer who spoke the language fluently) playfully sported his wit, and told one of these magnificent dark beauties, that in Europe the ring was only appended to the nose of swine. "That is not strange," returned the lady, "where to please the fair, young men assume old age." "Ah!" replied the captain, "and pray, sweet lady, who told you that?" "Mine own eyes," haughtily replied the dame, pointing to his powdered poll: "were it not so, what fools were Europeans to change their youthful locks to gray!" The captain, a gentleman of rare intellect, observed, on relating this repartee,—"The fine creature! the rebuke was felt, and put an end to our self-sufficiency and bantering for that campaign."

There are recondite beauties in every art; such, however, are perceptible only to the connoisseur. The marvellous power of Reynolds's palette was such, that he diffused a texture, tone, and quality to his powdered hair, so indeliberately harmonious to a painter's eye, that the absurdity of the fashion is lost in the magic of his art. These qualities should be studied to be known; and when known, the mind imbibes a pleasure on beholding a picture, beyond the power of language to describe.

The gorgeous splendour, the intensity of tone, and general harmony of that daring display of art, the *Death of Dido*, now exhibiting on the walls of the British Institution, surrounded as it is by the works of the old masters, is a triumph for the British school. Yet, with this glorious specimen of modern art before our eyes, do we still find the great, great majority of the visitors to this gallery casting a glance from the catalogue to the picture, and passing onward to the next, carelessly observing, "O! that is by Sir Joshua Reynolds." But this is not all!—there are those, and they by no means innumerable, nor of the plebeian grade, who, staring at this and others of his great hand, decry his powers, and exclaim, "Humph! Sir Joshua cuts no mighty figure here." Whilst all, save the enlightened few, standing in front of the perspective rows of pious monks, with eyes uplift, proclaim, "Behold a miracle!"

Not that we have any quarrel with M. Granet, nor his mode of art; far from it: he has accomplished the object of his pursuit,—to paint up to illusion, to charm away the

optic sense, and where there's nought but empty shadow, to impose substance and reality. The butt of his intent was to surprise; he has abundantly achieved his point; and truth must own the *Monks at Devotion* to be a most surprising picture. But were art reduced to this, to substitute for feeling, mind, and sentiment, a mere deception, then were painted dioramas more worthy than Domenichinos, and illuminated transparencies more estimable than Titians. When sterling judgment, however, yields to this, then shall the ingenious tricks of the Indian jugglers supersede all useful science; and the changing of the colour of sands, by skillful legerdemain, be admitted to be of equal import with the decomposition of matter by the scientific discoveries of chemistry. Alas! how long may yet apply the caustic aphorism? " 'Tis like to casting pearl! "—but we leave those to whom it seemeth most becoming to end the sentence.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Scenery, Costumes, and Architecture, chiefly on the Western Side of India.* By Capt. R. Melville Grindlay, &c. Part. II. London, Ackermann; and Sams.

Or the first Part of this work we spoke with much approbation; and we are glad to learn, from a prefix to the present Part, that its success is commensurate with its merits. Thus encouraged, Capt. Grindlay proceeds spiritedly with his plan; and promises (we observe) some very interesting illustrations of the island of Ceylon, of the scenery of which, we know about as much as might be obtained from reading the Arabian or Persian Tales. Other striking features are also promised in the course of the publication, which we leave to the advertisement to detail, and have to notice the portion of it now before us. *A Scene in Bombay* affords a lively idea of the variety of castes and costumes in that place. The three next plates represent the tremendous and picturesque scenery of the Ghauts in different points of view, and impress the mind strongly with the peculiar character of these mountain regions. The Hill Fort of Dowlutabad is a fine example of that style of fortification, where the insulated granite heights are crowned with eastern architecture from base to top; and the Part is completed in a very effective style by a picture of that stupendous monument of superstition, the excavated Temple at Ellora. It is hardly possible to conceive so many monstrous forms wrought into beauty and grandeur. Here Brahma and Boodh were worshipped; and all the strange shapes of their ovatars and incarnations appear, disposed with prodigious labour. Upon the whole, Capt. Grindlay is producing a publication eminently deserving of public favour.

**EGYPTIAN TASTE.**—Two pictures by Vander-Meulen, the celebrated Flemish painter, representing the taking of Lisle and of Cambridge, by Louis the Fourteenth, have just been purchased at Amsterdam for the Pacha of Egypt.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

## THE BLACK STATUE.

"A fearful legend of the olden time,  
When evil spirits walked the earth, and sealed  
Dark contracts with the foolish and the bad."

COMMANDING all the vale around,  
A Castle's gloomy turrets frown'd;  
Long was it desolate, dark, dread—  
Seem'd it fit dwelling where the dead

Would roam through each deserted tower  
And silent hall, at midnight hour.

—Thither, at last, a stranger came,  
None asked his lineage or his name;  
For there was something in his eye  
That question rude would stern defy;  
And something on his lip and cheek  
That quell'd the rash and awed the weak:  
And lonely as their master's mood,  
Those desert halls were solitude.  
And it was whisper'd, that when Night  
Gloomed on the pale Moon's waning light,  
Were sounds of wonder and of fear,  
Unmade, unmeet for human ear.  
'Twas said that though of mortal birth,  
Spirits which are not of this earth  
Were leagued with him; that fated charm  
Was bound to his unerring arm.

One day, down our lone vale, with speed,  
I saw him ride his raven steed:  
The furious horse, at every bound,  
Beat with his fiery hoofs the ground;  
And as he fiercely onwards dash'd,  
His black hide foam'd, his red eyes flash'd  
With fires of an unearthly glow,  
As if 'twere true, the whisper low  
Which rumour'd 'twas a fiend that bore  
That haughty Lord from shore to shore.  
—Though used he neither spur nor rein,  
Yet onwards, on, he dash'd amain.

He stooped before a palace gate,  
Where left that darksome steed to wait;  
Through the still hall he wander'd on,  
While with quick tears his proud eye shone.  
There by his side a Lady knelt,  
Her lips upon his hand he felt:  
He raised the maiden, and he prest  
Her light form to his throbbing breast.  
"Maiden, we may not longer bide,  
My dark steed waits, and we must ride,  
My best love, to the Castle, where  
Together will we breathe the air  
Of summer, and with thee alone  
I'll listen to thy soft lute's tone;  
There will I watch thy lightest sigh—  
Drink the deep beauty of thine eye—  
Count every curl of glossy hair—  
That hangs around thy bosom fair—  
My metal'd courser will not stay—  
Come, lady mine, away, away!"

Again the vale with horse-tramps rung;  
A weeping woman breathless clung  
To that strange Lord—on, on he rode,  
The fleetest for that lovely lood.

As of a trumpet rose the sound,  
Open the Castle-gates were found;  
A pinewood fire lit up the hall,  
Round it were sixteen pillars tall,  
And over each a lamp burnt bright,  
But softer than the red firelight.  
The stranger Lord was leaning there,  
Before him knelt that Lady fair:  
She clasp'd his knees, the rood she raised,  
And supplicating, on him gazed.

"You have cross'd land, you have cross'd sea,  
You have come far for love of me;  
And I have left silk, gold, and gem,  
For one, O dearer far than them!  
Wedded me to your darker lot,  
My Rudolph, I regret it not;  
Mine only wish that lot may be  
Less heavy from your love of me.  
I pray you kiss the rood, and tear  
Away the godless charm you wear;  
Renounce the contract that you gave,  
Dare all but Death beyond the grave."

He clasped her; but I saw no more,  
For sudden closed that portal door:  
I saw no more, but heard the sound  
That swept those haunted turrets round.

—The night was as the grave, dark, still,  
Such night as suits with deed of ill;—  
There was no wind, save one wild blast  
Which fiercely o'er the Castle past,  
And blent with that was a drear cry,  
Like life's departing agony.

The morning sun shone rich and bright,  
Pouring the glory of its light  
O'er hill and valley; to that hall  
I pass'd in haste—'twas silence all.  
The dying pine-fire, sickly, spent,  
Seem'd mock'd by day's glad element,  
Which brightly on a statue fell  
Of sable,—art ne'er wrought so well.

That curved lip made for haughty word,  
'Twas strangely like that stranger Lord;  
That eye, which like a diamond shone,  
O that was human, that alone!—  
It gleam'd beneath the lid of stone,  
And fix'd upon a woman's face  
The arms held lock'd in fast embrace.  
Close to the sable breast she clung,  
Her soft hair from her forehead flung—  
'Twas cold as what she gazed upon,  
Her breath of life with his was gone.  
Beside, a scroll lay scor'd with fire  
And shrivell'd, as some hand in ire  
Had flung it on the flames; and there  
Another lay, but white and fair.

I seized it, and in awe and dread  
These words upon the parchment read—  
"Those who on earth were not forgiven,  
Have pity and have hope from Heaven."

That Castle now is desolate,  
The bat builds in its halls of state;  
And o'er its pavement, without fear,  
Bounds in its glee the spotted deer;  
And wanderers there, with heart-sick thrill,  
May mark a sable statue still.  
Still closely to its marble breast  
A woman's mouldering form is prest;  
The worms have prey'd upon her brow,  
There's nothing but the white bones now;  
And still a scroll beside them lies,  
And these few words meet wondering eyes—  
"Those who on earth were not forgiven,  
Have pity and have hope from Heaven."

ELIZABETH.

## SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

**Ingratitude.**—A king of Mandao, in Hindostan, fell into a river, and was drawn out of it by one of his slaves, just in time to save his life. His first thought, on coming to himself, was to inquire the name of the person who had drawn him out of the water. He was informed of the obligation he owed to the slave, whom it was supposed he would reward in a manner proportioned to the important service he had rendered him. The king, however, on the slave being brought before him, asked him how he had dared to touch the head of his prince, and gave orders to have him instantly put to death. A short time after, the same prince being seated, when rather giddy with drinking, on the edge of a boat, near one of his women, fell over into the water a second time. The woman might easily have saved him,—but, knowing the danger of the service, she let him perish without assistance, and excused herself by recalling the example of the unfortunate slave.

**Glory.**—The Marshal de Villeroi lost the battle of Ramillies by his own fault, in the year 1706, in which he commanded against the Duke of Marlborough. One of Madame de Villeroi's friends, endeavouring to console her for this disgrace, by telling her that, thanks to God, the marshal and the Duke de Villeo

were both safe, and in excellent health. "That may satisfy me," replied she, "but it cannot satisfy them."

*Pride.*—A nobleman of high rank was reproached by one of his acquaintances for allowing a deserving individual, who had sacrificed all his other prospects in attaching himself to him, to remain unprovided for. "How?" replied the nobleman, "do I not see him every day, and receive him graciously?"

When Solymán, emperor of the Turks, took the castle of Buda, in 1529, he found, in one of the dungeons of the castle, Nadasti, the governor of the place. He was curious to know the cause of so extraordinary a circumstance, and the Germans confessed to him, that Nadasti having reproached them as cowards and traitors, because they pressed him to come to a capitulation, they had thrown him into a dungeon, in order to free themselves from his control. The sultan, filled with admiration at the fidelity and bravery of the noble-minded governor, loaded him with presents and commendations of his conduct, granted him his liberty, and condemned to death all those who had violated, in so shameful a manner, the laws of military subordination.

At one time during the French Revolution there was an extreme scarcity in the country, and it was necessary for several towns to apply to the government for supplies of provisions. Two deputies were appointed by the small borough of Villeneuve-le-Roi, to solicit relief from the committee at Paris. The first of these, M. Lombard De Langres, was stout-made, tall, and fat; the other, M. de Châteaufeuillet, was of a short, broad, and thick-set figure. "We arrived," says De Langres, in relating this anecdote, "at Paris, and alighted at the place where the commission was held, which was presided by Goujon, a member of the Convention, to whom we presented our petition. He looked at us for some time, and then with the greatest possible *sang froid*—'Subsistence for you, sirs?' said he. [It must be remarked, that at this period, the word *sir*, employed instead of that of *citizen*, was a sentence of death.] 'Subsistence for you, sirs? when men possess such rotundity of form, such well-fed persons, they do not come to Paris to cry out famine, unless they want to be arrested.' I saw myself in a moment at the foot of the guillotine. My companion and I sneaked out of his presence. The fright had such an effect upon me, as to cause a breaking-out over my whole body. And as to Châteaufeuillet, who was naturally phlegmatic, he was seized, while we were at the commission, with a convulsive cough, which did not leave him till we arrived at Montreuil. On our return, we gave an account of our embassy. The wants of the inhabitants were so urgent, that the same post-horses which had brought us from Sens to Villeneuve took back two other deputies, the citizens Greau and Protat. Two laths or red-herrings could not be more lean or shrunk than MM. Greau and Protat, two bags of walnuts knocked against each other could not make more noise than the bones of this brace of fellow-travellers rattling against each other in the rumbling vehicle which bore them to Paris. 'Ay, ay, we will consider this matter now,' said Goujon, on beholding the meagre spare figures of the new deputies; 'here are people whose petition is written in their faces; let provisions be delivered to them instantly.'"

## MUSIC.

## MUSIC-MAD.

WE last week were the *recorders* of some musical crotchets; and the following, since received from Germany, seems to prove that that grave, philosophical people have gone stark-staring mad.

Frankfort, 31st August.

Miss Sonntag was, in a manner, carried off from Mayence by the amateurs of this city. Whenever she went out, her progress resembled a triumphal procession. Yesterday evening she was taken to our Vauxhall, where there is generally a great deal of company. As soon as it was known that Miss Sonntag was in the gardens, a great tumult arose; bottles, glasses, refreshments, tables, and spectators, were thrown into one mass of confusion by the crowding of those who were curious to get a sight of her. The further she advanced, the more dangerous was it to proceed. The people mounted on the tables, which they upset, with the candles, tea-things, &c.; others clambered up the trees, and, in their eagerness, tore down the festoons of coloured lamps, the oil of which was scattered in all directions. Luckily, no serious accident happened; but Miss Sonntag was obliged to turn back before she had got half way into the gardens.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Grand Sonata for the Piano-forte and Violoncello*; composed for the Grand Dutches of Russia. By J. N. Hummel. T. Boosey and Co.

Of this work, were we to enter into particulars, we should say much in praise; but perhaps it will be sufficient to recommend it to the lovers of harmony to state that it is altogether a very fine and grand composition. It will, we are sure, afford great delight to every amateur.

*Poor Wounded Heart! Ballad* by T. Moore. Air from Crescentini. J. Power.

A SWEET ballad; the words, tender and affecting, suit well with the simplicity and beauty of the music.

*When on the Lip the Sigh delays*; Ballad, written and composed by T. Moore, Esq. Same publisher.

THE music of this is also very pretty; but we cannot say so much for the poetry, though it is playful enough.

*Shine out, Stars! a Duett.* The same.

THIS we like still better than either of the preceding; it is replete with taste and feeling, and cannot fail to infuse pleasure into "ladies' listening ears," at the evening party.

*Here, take my Heart.* Same.

IS rather more common-place; but still a fair variety.

*To-day, Dearest! is ours.* The same.

IN this little piece the words do not very well agree with the music; and both seem to be strained to make them agree at all.

*The Beauties of Hummel.* Book I.

R. Cocks and Co.

A FANTASIA for the piano-forte, with some very brilliant passages. It shows Hummel to be a composer of great spirit, and with a powerful command of the instrument.

## DRAMA.

"Ne quid falsi, dicere audent; deinde  
Ne quid veri, non audent."

## DRURY LANE.

ON Saturday, Drury Lane Theatre opened for the season, with Mrs. Centlivre's lively but licentious comedy of the *Wonder*; a new divertimento, by Noble, called *A Dutch Fair*; and the comic opera of *The Marriage of Figaro*. Of the evening's entertainment, or rather, as we ought to say, of the evening's performance, we cannot speak in terms of warm, or even general, approbation. The company of actors at present assembled in this theatre can boast but of a very moderate share of talent—so moderate, indeed, that it would be difficult to find any play upon the *stock list*, as it is called, which would fairly come within the compass of their ability. Mr. Wallack, who has of late stepped into first-rate parts, assumed, on this occasion, the character of *Felix*. To enter into particulars is needless. It is enough to say, that Mr. Wallack, who is admirable in his own line,—we mean, of course, melo-drama and pantomime,—has no one qualification to fit him for the higher, or even any, walk of genteel comedy; and consequently that his representation of the noble, gallant, and jealous Spaniard, was, in all points, exceedingly defective. His chief pains seemed to have been bestowed upon the selection of a very splendid dress; but in this also he failed, because it was an improper one for the purpose, and out of keeping with the rest of the *dramatis personæ*. *Violante*, another part which, although in some degree playing itself, requires at the same time no trifling skill in the actress to whom it is intrusted, was given to Miss Tree. This young lady possesses a well-proportioned figure and a handsome face; her voice has much sweetness of tone, and a gentle sort of whine or murmur greatly resembling that of her elder sister, Mrs. Bradshaw; and she is evidently thoroughly mistress of the business of the stage. With application, we have little doubt but that she will become an agreeable and useful performer; but at present, we are compelled to say that *Violante* is far beyond her reach. A Mr. Hooper, who was announced for *Colonel Briton*, was taken suddenly ill; the part therefore devolved upon its old possessor, Mr. Archer, who played it, if any thing, rather better than formerly. Mr. J. Russell appeared, for the first time, as *Gibby*. We wish that he would learn to govern his "roaring throat." In every thing he is the same—coarse and noisy. After having seen, however, so little to approve of, it is quite refreshing to turn to Mrs. Davison and Harley. The *Flora* of the former is one of the most agreeable, saucy, intriguing, piquant exhibitions we have ever seen; and the *Lisardo* of the latter, though not fully equal to what Jack Bannister's footman was—or Fawcett's still is—is nevertheless very lively and amusing. Till, therefore, Liston and Miss Kelly, and other stars, shall condescend to shine on this establishment, we sincerely hope to see as much of Harley and Mrs. Davison, and as little of the other ladies and gentlemen, as possible.

The dance, by Noble, is far from being one of his happiest efforts. There is a pretty *pas seul* to the eternal *Cherry ripe*; but all the rest, particularly the Dutchmen, with their empty pipes and large small clothes—is "naught."

In the *Marriage of Figaro*, Miss A. Tree made her first courtsey to a London audience, as *Susannah*. This lady does not at all resemble either of her sisters; and her voice, with all deference be it spoken, does not appear to us to



be of the most pleasing description. It has a peculiar sharpness, which, we fear, will prevent her attaining any very high rank in her profession. She would have got on much better, however, if her friends had been less clamorous in their applause: her orders were very injudiciously obeyed. Mrs. Austin appeared, after an absence of four years, as the Countess; but she happened unluckily to be hoarse, an affliction which the stage-manager announced to the audience with due solemnity. The house was full.

## COVENT GARDEN.

On Monday, operations commenced at Covent Garden with *Pizarro* and *Charles the Second*. In the tragedy, Mr. Young resumed his station upon these boards in *Rolla*; a performance, the energy and spirit of which are too well known to require a comment. *Pizarro* was assigned to Mr. Serle; but the part, bad as it is, was very inefficiently played by him. Mr. Serle's admirers tell us that he is an actor of taste and judgment. This may, in some respects, be true; but his want of sufficient voice to fill a large space will always render him next to useless here. His attempt to speak in any thing approaching to a loud or passionate tone, is not only distressing, but frequently quite ludicrous. If he could enter into partnership with Mr. Russell, and share his lungs with him, he would find it of infinite advantage to him. Mr. Fitzharris, who came out last season in *Othello*, played the *Sentinel*. This is tumbling down the ladder with a vengeance. In the comedy, a daughter of our old favourite, Mrs. Glover, appeared as *Mary*. Miss M. Glover is not so pretty, and does not seem to be so good an actress, or so pleasing a singer, as her sister, who performs at the Haymarket; but still there is nothing to offend; and perhaps she was too much frightened at the tribunal before which she stood, to enable us to judge correctly of her merits. The house was crowded in every part, and the gods were so exceedingly riotous, that the performance was interrupted several times. The company is much the same as last year, except that we miss the names of Mrs. Bartley, Miss Lacy, Miss Love, and Mr. Rayner.

## HAYMARKET.

On Tuesday a new one-act farce was performed, for the first time, called *Peter Smith*. It is taken from the French, and has been put into its present shape by Mr. Howard Payne. The story turns upon the old hinge, of a very great man coming, nobody knows why, to a cottage in disguise, where he is taken for a very little one; and a little one arriving at the same time; who is, of course, taken for the great man. This is the whole of the affair; but the incident is not one-twentieth part so well managed as in the *Bourgeois de Scandone*, or the *Müller of Mansfield*. It is not quite so long as *Pong Wong*, but quite as dull. A couple of pretty ballads, and a suppository *tag* by Vestris, alone saved it from condemnation.

Mr. Cooper, who played *Alonso* at Covent Garden on Monday night, has, it seems, in consequence of some quarrel about parts, withdrawn from that theatre, and signed an engagement at Drury Lane. Managers must indeed be very disagreeable persons, or actors very unreasonable ones, for they are never satisfied with each other long together. Seriously—we are sorry to see matters again taking this foolish turn. What is the constant cry of the old

play-goers? what the complaint of the press? and what the observation every where made in society? Why, that in all our theatres, although we may see one or two good actors of a night, yet that we rarely see a play adequately performed in all its parts. Now, how is this defect ever to be remedied, if actors, notwithstanding the enormous salaries they receive, refuse to play subordinate characters to each other; and especially when they know, that upon the slightest dispute on such points, they will be received with open arms at the rival establishment. Such a mode of proceeding as this, we have constantly remarked, can only lead in ruin; and to confirm the correctness of our assertions, we need only look at the fate of poor Elliston, who, as he was the first to adopt it, was also the first to be punished for his folly. Of Mr. Price, and his theatrical politics, we know nothing; nor do we look upon him as answerable for this, or any thing else that has hitherto been done at Drury Lane. We only hope, for his own sake, that upon his return to this country, he will adopt a more liberal policy. Let managers compete as warmly as they please for the public favour, but at the same time let them avoid a system which can only terminate in their mutual destruction.

*La Dame Blanche*, a French opera founded upon the Scotch novel, is in rehearsal at both theatres; and Kenny has a comedy, called the *Green Room*, which is shortly to be performed at Covent Garden. Miss Cawse, announced for a *débat* on Wednesday next, is a pupil of Sir George Smart.

The Adelphi opens in a week, with high promise; and in four days, we regret to say, the entertainments at the English Opera House close.

## VARIETIES.

## LATEST NEWS FROM CAPTAIN FRANKLIN.

LETTERS were yesterday received from Capt. Franklin and Dr. Richardson, all well. They were on the Great Bear Lake, and nothing to impede the successful progress of this interesting Expedition.

*A pretty Riddle*.—"I will consent to all you desire," said a young female to her lover, "on condition that you give me what you have not, what you never can have, and yet what you can give me." What did she ask him for?—A husband.

*Wonders!*—Nothing is talked of in Lorraine at present but a sleeping beauty, who, it seems, wakes occasionally, and falls asleep again for several months. At Caen the conversation turns on a prodigy of another kind; a female who has been brought to bed of a butterfly! Such, at least, is the statement in the "Journal du Calvados;" and a lady has done us the favour to assure us by letter that the fact is certain; and that the female in question is a fruit-woman, at whose door there is a crowd to the present moment. Some puzzle appears to exist with respect to the kind of nurse which it will be necessary to provide: in the mean while, however, we have the satisfaction to say, that both the mother and the child-papillon are doing well.—*French Paper*.

*Parisian Anecdote*.—Mr. . . . . a wealthy financier, being convicted of filling his own coffers at the expense of the royal treasury, was deprived of his office, and dismissed the court. He showed no confusion whatever at

his disgrace, and was merely heard to say,—"They have done very wrong to dismiss me; I have provided sufficiently for myself, and was just going to provide for the king."

*Auto-da-fé*.—To the disgrace of civilisation, there has recently, as we read in the newspapers, been an auto-da-fé in Spain. Not dwelling upon the horrors of such a scene, we may quote the opinion of a caustic author upon this subject, which is as applicable as ever, though written years ago. "Public rejoicings," says he, "all over Europe are generally celebrated by fire-works; it is the same in Spain: but saltpetre is too paltry a material for Spanish ideas; and they, therefore, burn men instead of gunpowder. At the rejoicings on the marriage of Charles II. of Spain to the Princess Louisa of France, an auto-da-fé was the principal ornament, when twenty-two persons were burnt by the 'Holy Inquisition'; and this the fanatics called rejoicing! Spanish taste is, it must be confessed, a little singular; for at the bull-fights, whenever the bull kills a man, they clap their hands, and cry, *Bravo, toro!* well done, bull!"

*French Patents*.—By a catalogue of the specifications of patents, which has just been published by the French minister for the interior, it appears, that from the beginning of the year 1791 down to the middle of last year, the number of patents granted in France has been as follows:—In 1791, 34; in 1792, 29; in 1793, 4; in the year 2 of the French Revolution, 4; in 3, 6; in 4, 8; in 5, 4; in 6, 10; in 7, 22; in 8, 16; in 9, 34; in 10, 29; in 11, 45; in 12, 44; in 13, 63; in 14, 17; (the year 14 consisted only of three months); in 1806, 74; in 1807, 66; in 1808, 63; in 1809, 52; in 1810, 69; in 1811, 66; in 1812, 96; in 1813, 98; in 1814, 53; (not one in the course of the last three months of that year); in 1815, 77; in 1816, 115; in 1817, 162; in 1818, 153; in 1819, 138; in 1820, 151; in 1821, 170; in 1822, 175; in 1823, 167; in 1824, 217; and, in the first six months of 1825, 161. It is evident, therefore, that since the restoration of the Bourbons, the demand for patents, increasing with increasing industry, has been gradually augmenting in France.

*Lacomics*.—Matrimony, we all know and allow, is the consummation of love; now, exicographers tell us that consummation means, *fatigue, or end*.

*Quest*. Which is the first and most valuable of literary productions? *Ans*. The Alphabet.

Youth thinks that age is fit only for his sport, his derision, the diversion of his hours of holiday; or otherwise, he grudges the old man his little pittance of the common air, and the small share of earth which he engrosses; he thinks that the poor useless mortal has lived long enough, and that he should die, and leave his possessions to him.

That shrewd, clever individual yeelp knave has many logical quietuses for an impertinent conscience.

In the world, all things are judged by comparison.

There is no bravery in running into danger, when you cannot profit yourself or others by so doing.

In adversity  
The mind is ever ready to snatch up,  
And settle as premeditated scorn,  
The very slightest show of negligence.

And what is Death? The pow'r which doth remove  
The cloud that overhangs eternity.

Life is but an empty ceremony;—a startling proposition, with an argument, perhaps something profound, certainly far-fetched. But

to demonstrate: Man is born into the world: the business—which is nothing—of his childhood ends with that: then comes the provision for a life which he can hold only at a tenure from moment to moment; therefore every second determines, every second renews, his existence. By the excitement of pride, (the word *ambition* is its synonyme,) plans and speculations arise on his mind, like bubbles on a restless stream; like them, too, they frequently are air. At length he buys lands—with metal dug out of those lands, he appropriates a portion of the common earth, and calls it after his own name; fancying—by a wild stretch of imagination—fancying them to be his own; when, supposing that he have a title, how slight is it! He is, as it were, but *terra-tenant*, holding of the elements, which are his *mesne lords*: days pass, and every day the same ceremonies are performed; objects, he can have none *real*; what he calls his objects are but fictions. I have little more to say. I observed, in the first instance, that *pride* is the quickener of man's imagination; let me ask, *What is pride?*—Of what is a man proud? If any living person can answer me these queries, I will not subjoin to my argument Q. E. D.

## LITERARY NOVELTIES.

The present Number of the *Gazette* finishing the third quarter of 1836, we have concluded several subjects in it, and up to our continuations: in our next we shall commence with some novelties of, we trust, a very popular kind.

Mr. Horace Smith's new novel is to be called the *Tor Hill*. The story is, we understand, laid in the time of Henry the Eighth, and the scene is chiefly in Glastonbury Abbey and the Mendip Hills. It will be ready for publication in about a month.

It is announced by Mr. Ackermann, that the forthcoming volume of the *Forget-Me-Not*—the oldest of that pleasing class of annual miscellanies, destined as tokens of friendship and affection—possesses superior interest to any of the preceding volumes of that popular publication; and that ninety prose and poetical compositions, by writers of eminence of both sexes, and thirteen engravings in the highest style of the art, after original designs, besides other decorations, are expected to impart to this Christmas present more than ordinary value and attractions.

The Memoirs of the veteran comic dramatist O'Keefe will very soon be ready, in two octavo volumes, with a portrait. They embrace a period of seventy years, and delineate, with the peculiar humour of the author, the state of society in Ireland at the middle of the last century including original anecdotes of celebrated persons (in that country and in England) connected with the drama, the fine arts, and fashionable life. A few extracts from Mr. O'Keefe's manuscript have already been given in the *New Monthly Magazine*.

Preparing for publication, the History of the Council of Trent, compiled from the best authorities.

The Hon. George Keppel (son of the Earl of Albemarle) is preparing for the press his *Personal Narrative of a Journey from India to England*, by Bussorah, Bagdad, the Ruins of Babylon, Kurdistan, Persia, and Russia, in the year 1824.

Eight volumes of MS. Sermons of Calvin have, it is said, been recently found in Germany.

A satirical novel, in three volumes, bearing in some measure upon the late election, and other matters connected with the upper circles, is in the press. It is to be entitled *Truckleborough Hall*.

Two volumes of unedited Correspondence of Bernardin St. Pierre have appeared in Paris, and two more are announced. The Letters are chiefly addressed to an intimate friend, and to the first and second wives of the writer.

A second series of the *Tales of the O'Hara Family* is lately printed, and may be expected forthwith.

A personal narrative, entitled *The Young Rifleman's Campaign in Military Adventure*, Imprisonment, and Shipwreck, edited by Goethe, is on the eve of publication.

Mr. Boden's Memoirs (in two volumes) of the Life of Mr. Siddons, will shortly appear. This work is intended as a companion to the Author's "Life of Mr. Kemble," in which it is printed uniformly. It will be illustrated by a fine portrait, engraved by Turner, from a picture by Sir Thomas Lawrence.

A new work of fiction, in three vols. post 8vo., is in the press, to be entitled *Tales of a Voyager*.

the stately; and describes the different modes of modelling which have been successively adopted. One of the most valuable parts of the Count's book is an accurate table of the proportions of forty-two antique statues. [We shall probably state more of its details hereafter, for the benefit of our readers interested in the Fine Arts.]

## LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Black's View of Fever, 8vo. 4s. 6d. sewed.—Burnet on Light and Shade in Painting, 4to. 18s.; royal, 11s. 6d. bds.—Denham's Africa, 3 vols. 8vo. 12s. 6d.—Arnault's Life of Napoleon, 8vo. 12s. 6d.—Sedley's Map of India, with Road-Book, 12s. 6d. in case; Road-Book separate, 7s. 6d. hf. bd.—Stewart's History of Scotland, 8vo. 3s. 6d. bd.—Scott's Beauties of Eminent Writers, 18mo. vol. 1. 2s. 6d.; vol. 11. 2s. 6d.—Strickland's Worcester Field, 12mo. 4s. 6d.—Hawthorn on Wills, 8vo. 11s. 6d.—Mabire's Guide to French Conversation, 4s. hf. bd.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Sometimes since, it may be remembered by our readers, we alluded, in very marked terms, to a plan for establishing a new national system of currency, &c. emanating from an individual of great ability and experience, and which, as far as our judgment went, we said, perfectly calculated, not only to remove the distresses of those times, but prevent the recurrence of similar evils; and, in short, place Great Britain upon a broader, surer, and more prosperous basis than ever she or any other nation enjoyed. Since that period we have urged the development of this plan, but its author could not be prevailed upon to bring it forward; our efforts, combined with other inducements, however, have at length so far succeeded, that we are now at liberty to lay the general outline before the public. In our succeeding Numbers we shall, therefore, devote a few columns to this important subject, the principle of which we can fully elucidate; leaving, of course, details, connecting parts, and adjunctive plans, (though of the utmost consequence) to the author himself, should he hereafter see fit, to lay his entire project before the world. We have only to add, that our friends, who look to the *Gazette* chiefly for the literature of the day, and reading of a lighter class, need not apprehend any great encroachment upon our space with this discussion of a political tendency in the highest sense of the word. A column or two weekly, for a very few weeks, will suffice for it, extraordinary as we consider its bearings to be as regards every rank of society in the kingdom.

Many correspondents will, we hope, wait patiently for replies and acknowledgments: this is a more laborious branch of editorial duty than can readily be imagined.

Are we to thank G. D. for such original Arguments as these against Dice?

Young Quilva, when challenged to gamble with dice, Declined in *form* all concern in such a very Quoth he, "Who pursues such a chase stakes his peace, Which, an' he lose not, 'is within a mere acc. Such practices cloak men to crimes of all sizes; They cater to passion, and urge its worst crises; And, what is their menest, yet greatest abuse, They teach, (oh, how shocking!) they teach to *tray-dice*."

Azle does not enforce an age from us. He of the Gray Crag was received, and will be looked for, if required.

F. is quite mistaken in fancying, that if the *Literary Gazette* admits "nothing except it be very well written," the meaning is, that a good hand must pen the prose or verse. On the contrary, our printers can make out almost any MS., provided the sense be good, or the genius paramount.

The letter on the Eton Grammar, &c. is unavoidably postponed.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

British Institution, Pall Mall.

THE GALLERY continues open with the Collection of Pictures from Carlton Palace, which His Majesty has been graciously pleased to allow the Directors to exhibit. Admittance, from Ten till Six o'clock, 1s.

Catalogue, 1s.

WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

DR. ASHBY SMITH will begin his AUTUMN COURSE OF LECTURES ON DISEASES OF the SKIN, on Thursday, Oct. 19, at his House, 15, Bloomsbury Square. These Lectures, illustrated by Drawings, are founded upon the Classification and Arrangement of the late Dr. Wilson, form a Practical Course of Instruction in Eruptive Eruptions, and comprise a full Detail of the Nature, Symptoms, and Treatment of those Diseases.

Further Particulars may be supplied by applying to Dr. Smith, at his Residence, above mentioned.

## THE MONTHLY AND EUROPEAN

MAGAZINE for October, No. X. New Series, price Half-a-Crown, contains—Letter from London on Affairs in general—Emigration Report—Greenwich Pensioner—Serenade; by H. N.—Philosophy teaching by Examples—Contemned Oak—Chivalric D. Amas; by F. H.—The Cup of Honour; a Tale of the South—General View of Education in America—Funch and Judy; a Philosophical Poem—Last Meeting—On the Overfulness of Nations—Reviews—Army Promotions—Reviews, &c. &c. &c. Whitaker, London; Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh; A. M. Gibbani, Dublin.

## Court of Chancery.

THE INSPECTOR, No. 6, contains an original Memoir of Earl Eldon, with an Inquiry into his Character as a Judge—Modern Dandies; or, Neutral Tints for 1836—Sketches from Life: No. 1.—The Beguiled—An Essay on Oliver's Gifts of Poetry; No. 2.—My Birth-Place, Translations from the Ancient Lyric Poets; No. 3.—Ellen Marshall—The real Character of Charles the 12th, &c. &c. Reviews: Southey's "Posthumous Poems," &c. &c.—With Original Poetry, Domestic and Literary Intelligence.

Price 1s. 6d. Published 1st October, by M. Dixon, 11, Carey Street; and Sherwood and Co. Paternoster Row; and sold by all Booksellers.

## AN ELEMENTARY COURSE OF GYM-

NASTIC EXERCISES, intended to develop and perfect the Physical Faculties of Man; accompanied with a Report on this Subject to the Faculty of Physicians in Paris, and with a new complete Treatise on the Art of Swimming.

By CAPTAIN F. M. CLIAS.

4th Edition. London, 1835; Sherwood, Gilbert, and Piper.

One vol. 8vo.; 3 Chapters, and 182 Pages, with 5 Plates.

No person of intelligence can gainsay the utility and importance of education. The moral faculties of man are not those alone which claim to be unfolded; far how could they be exerted with a weak constitution, and with members devoid of strength or activity? In general, we do not justly estimate the superior advantages in the same degree of exertion with which we regard mental talents; but we cannot deny that the man in whom the faculties of body and mind have been cultivated singly. This truth, which was perfectly felt by the ancients, as is proved by the history of their manners and customs, although not generally admitted in the present time, has not yet received its due attention sufficiently universal. In our colleges and schools there is, it is true, a large court or garden allotted as a play-ground for the children and those of a more advanced age, in which they pursue their diversions in their moments of recreation; but those moments are very rare and very short, and no regulation is given to their sports. However, the development of the physical faculties, as well as the moral ones, can only take place by degrees. If, therefore, we acknowledge the necessity of a method to regulate and direct the exercise of the latter, why should we not admit that a similar plan is also requisite to frame the former? This error has struck several men of genius. Within these few years some able professors have introduced gymnastics, first in the schools, but also in the army, where its utility is most urgent and most evident; at first in Germany and Switzerland, then in France and England. M. Clias, founder of gymnastics at Berne, Geneva, and London, and whose pupils have spread his lessons in several other places, has published at Paris in German and in French, and since in English, an excellent work, worthy to serve as a manual for all professors of gymnastics. This work contains not only the introduction and the elementary course. The exercises are classified in it with care and method; the most simple preceding those more complicated. The first are those which tend to strengthen the inferior extremities, followed by those adapted to the superior ones. The third Chapter treats of complicated exercises; that is to say, exercises which put in motion every part of the body; and the last part of the work treats on the exercise of swimming. Each of these divisions is subdivided in its turn, and after the same method. The description of the different exercises is rendered lively by plates annexed to the text of the volume. We cannot pass a higher encomium on M. Clias, than to report the opinion of his publication and of his gymnastic lessons, given in the *Dictionary of Medical Science*, Vol. III, pp. 38 and 39.

The gymnastic exercises of M. Clias offer all possible advantages, and if we study them with care, we must acknowledge that they are in every respect calculated to remedy a great number of infirmities, and to cure many obstinate diseases. They are perfectly adapted to the wants of life, and to the rules of animal economy; they tend to increase the vigour of the useful faculties, and to insure their duration. The author, always animated with the desire of extending the resources of the human mind, continually improving his system, in applying himself to put in action organs which ordinary means would have suffered to remain in inactivity. This wise direction, and this judiciously chosen faculty accords with nature, will render the system of M. Clias always worthy of attention.

Captain Clias, who is the first who introduced a regular system of gymnastics in England, has been long known on the Continent, as the active promoter of all those exercises tending to develop and increase the physical powers of man. The regular and systematic method taught by him is not only well calculated to give to the body its full degree of strength and activity, but by the mode of teaching, provides almost the possibility of the occurrence of any accident.—*London Physical and Medical Journal*, February and March, 1836.

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THE MONTHLY REVIEW for October.

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